

INSIDE: Brian Macdonald's Stratford triumphs

Maclean's

JUNE 20, 1983

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

\$1.25

The Mulroney Challenge

Why he won

The new leader's
first tests

The passing of
the Clark era

Mila and Brian Mulroney



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White-water thrills

Thousands of novices are seeking excitement by leaving Canada's white waters on rafts. But the sport's popularity has created new concerns about safety. —Page 62



Soviet community crime

Under the veneer of ethnic bliss in New York City's Brighton Beach area there lurks a sinister presence that the FBI has nicknamed the "Bosnian Mafia." —Page 6

COVER

The Mulroney challenge

After four dramatic and often sporting battles, the Tories ousted Joe Clark and last week chose Brian Mulroney as their chief. The new leader faces the immediate tasks of ending his party and parachuting himself into a parliamentary seat. Then he must convince Canadians that he should be their next Prime Minister. —Page 18

(Cover photo by Steve H. W. H. H. H.)



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Thatcher's finest hour

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's master electoral victory heralded a renewal of her policies—and a likely change in the Labour Party's leadership. —Page 28



Triumph of imagination

Brian Mulroney's effervescent version of The Godfather stole the show last week at the Stratford Festival opened its 31st season. Now he wants respect. —Page 33



The chaotic process that elected Brian Mulroney as the new Conservative leader on the weekend provided the most compelling argument yet for reforming the electoral system. A procedure that packs more than 3,000 meeting delegates into a steering room and demands that they select the man who may be Canada's next Prime Minister in the space of nine hours is both crude and irrational. By sheer chance, the winner is a man worthy of the job. But surely the balloting process should be spread over several days or a week to allow both delegates and candidates to take each other's measure in a thoughtful manner. That, at least, would be a first step toward



From left: Legge, Hey, Goss, Van Dusen, Riley, Lapsin, O'Hara, Janssen. Miller, forward stabilizing a most vital function.

stabilizing one of the most vital functions in a democratic society.

To cover the four-day convention, *Maclean's* relied primarily on the reporting of Ottawa Bureau Chief Carol Goss and Ottawa correspondents John Han, Mary Janssen and Julie Van Dusen. They were backed up in Ottawa by Managing Editor Robert Lewis, National Editor Jane O'Hara, Alberta Bureau Chief Gordon Legge and Senior Writer Susan Riley. Photo Editor Nanjika Lespen and Staff Photographer Brian Wilker took care of the photographic side of the campaign in Toronto, Colin MacKenzie and Hal Quinn coordinated the project with the help of Production Manager Ken Asquith and Research-Reporters Cindy Barrett and Andy Mills. Copy Editor Heather Brechlin, Art Director Nick Burnett and their staffs worked throughout the night on Saturday. A private aircraft stood by to fly the cover picture to Toronto in time to make the 4 p.m. Sunday press start. The story begins on page 16.

Karin Doyle

March 31, 1993

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25 years: too long?

I found your article on prisons both informative and frightening (*Inside Canada's prisons*, Cover, June 6). The article presents several important facts about life sentences: for example, the fact that there have been little to lose by hastening and murder: Is the return of capital punishment the answer? Or is it too cruel and harsh a punishment for the likes of Clifford Hines? Unfortunately, putting away for life sick people like him brings on a whole new Pandora's box of troubles. Knowing that they will be in prison for life will only make people like Hines more violent and sick. God help us if people like him ever escape. We would have absolutely nothing to lose by letting again and again. Thank you for such an interesting article!

—GARY DEWIS,
Brampton, Ont.

I have just completed my first year of postsecondary education and owe this government \$1,000. When I finally attain my degree I will owe approximately \$25,000. To suggest that prisoners should have their year paid for their education is not only for the fact that law-abiding citizens do not get the same treatment but because you seemed in destroying the stand you took throughout the article—that rehabilitation can be a solution. Accepting responsibility and meeting their results in confidence and, in turn, a healthy mental attitude. A healthy mental attitude is rehabilitation. How do you expect to rehabilitate individuals when you continue to remove them of all their responsibilities?

—JILL COLEMAN,
Burlington, Ont.

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Having lived in Holland and Canada, I am amazed at how easily a person receives a prison sentence in Canada. However, in cases of murder, it is almost like medieval times. In Holland a convicted murderer has a good chance of being in a halfway house after five years. In Canada he gets 15 years, and the right-wing Conservatives clamor for the death penalty! In spite of an actual decline in murders, based on Ottawa statistics, there is this urge to get tough. To be locked up for 15 years in a very heavy ordeal, and also, for the guards, it can be a tense situation to cope with.

—G.T. SMITH,
Dundalk, Ont.

Israel: special status?

In his May 30 column, *Why is Israel different?*, Gunther Plaut makes no mention of a factor that makes Israel different to the point of being unique—the political-religious doctrine known as Zionism. As if moving back to a geographical area after 2,000 years weren't daring enough, the Zionists claim the nation of God Himself, and are proceeding to renege the map according to which Jews lived on the land. The rabbis should disavow the "Greater Israel" idea and throw his strength behind the Peace Now movement, thus helping to get a Middle East settlement based on principles of justice.

—N.S. KORNBLAU,
Montreal, Ont.

What a refreshing change Gunther Plaut offers from the hyperbole on subjects Jewish and Israeli that frequently characterize the *Maclean's* approach. One easily forgets that the harshest anti-Semitic and anti-Zionist critics of the Jews date to Spanish. To the good of the Jews. "Would that we had a little patience" and applied those standards to Canadian society that we demand of Israel.

—MICHAEL PERRY,
Guelph, Ont.

PAGES

ARRESTED Dr. Henry Morgentaler, 66, Ontario physician Dr. Robert Scott, 36, registered nurse Lynn Crocker, 34, Barbara Barr, 32, Valerie Turnbull, 31, and Lynn Hillard, 30, as well as Patricia Turrak, 36, and Marilyn Wadner, 33, employees of Morgentaler's recently opened Winnipeg abortion clinic; for "conspiracy to procure a miscarriage," by Winnipeg police. The clinic remains open, however, and Morgentaler still intends to open a Toronto clinic this week.

ARRESTED James Morrison, the former RCMP corporal identified by the code name Long Knives in John Savransky's book *The Services Revolution*, who is alleged to have sold information about a top double agent to two Soviet diplomats, for espionage. Although unnamed in the book, Morrison admitted that he was the spy in question during a CBC television interview last November. Morrison, a member of the elite secret Security Services from 1952 until 1958, was released on \$50,000 bond. A preliminary inquiry is set for Nov. 24.

DECEASED Jenny Bradley, 67, the internationally known literary agent who assisted the impoverished James Joyce and whose home on the Ile-St-Louis in Paris became a literary salon frequented by the likes of Joyce, Gertrude Stein and F. Scott Fitzgerald, is Cap d'Antibes, France. Bradley and her husband, William Averis Bradley (who died in 1939), worked with U.S. publishers, supplying them with works by André Gide, André Malraux, and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, and encouraged French publishers to issue translations of American works.

DECEASED Ivan Lawrence Tors, 66, the producer of *Flamingo*, *Sea Hunt*, *Gentle Ben*, *Daktari* and *Science Fiction Theatre* of a heart attack, while working on *Flamingo*. Tors was also known as a playwright and journalist in his native Hungary and, after going to Hollywood in 1936, where he worked for Columbia Pictures and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he collaborated on a number of screenplays, including *Song of Love* and *In the Good Old Summertime*.

SUSPENDED Guillermo Vilas, 36, the Argentine tennis star, ranked 65th in the world, for one year, by the Men's International Professional Tennis Council, for accepting an illegal payment for a guaranteed appearance at a tournament in Rotterdam. The ban was accompanied by a \$25,000 fine. Vilas can still participate in exhibition matches and World Championship tournaments.

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Crime in a Soviet community

On a Friday evening, Soviet immigrants pack the second floor of the Odessa Club in Brighton Beach, in east Brooklyn. They sing and dance to the music of Soviet extanters, devour pounds of ham, sausage and corned, and quench their thirst with vodka. The scene is repeated at the National, a nightclub farther down Brighton Beach Avenue, and at the Ballo, the Metropole, the Prometheus and half a dozen other nightspots that have

mercial establishments are thriving, property values are up, and even the longtime residents of Brighton Beach—who sometimes think of the new arrivals as impatient and arrogant—admit that the new wave of Soviet immigration has rebuilt the community.

Still, a sinister goosebump lurks under the veneer of ethnic bliss. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has started checking into what has become known as the "Russian Mafia" because of

targeting a Soviet group, many of whom were criminals before they came over to this country. At most, we are dealing with one to two per cent of the immigrant population."

But this small group is beginning to make its presence felt. In the past year police have arrested more than 400 Soviet immigrants for various offenses in the New York-Atlantic City-Philadelphia corridor. Authorities believe that Brighton Beach is the focal area of Russian Mafia activity, but the Mingeles of the new underworld are also finding their enclaves in Los Angeles, Chicago, Milwaukee and other cities to which the 85,000-strong Soviet community in the United States has dispersed. The group has been particularly active in the defiance of counterfeit \$100 bills that U.S. treasury department agents believe are printed in Italy—fueling police speculation that a tie-in has developed with the Italian Mafia.

In the past 12 months several murders have drawn public attention to the Russian Mafia. Last December, Yuri Brodsky, 48, a 1972 immigrant who wrote two books in the United States including one about crime in the Soviet Union, was shot to death in his Manhattan apartment. Police have ruled out robbery as a motive for the crime because the killer left \$15,000 in \$1 bills untouched in an attaché case. Two months later Victor Malinsky, 54, who had pleaded guilty to distributing counterfeit money, was gunned down in the doorway of an apartment building the day before he was scheduled to be sentenced. The killer left behind Malinsky's wallet, containing \$203, and a diamond ring, strengthening police speculation that the killer's motive in this case, as in Brodsky's, was to eliminate a rival. In the past two years a total of seven Soviet immigrants were murdered in styles that police say are typical of professional assassinations.

The FBI says that Vladimir (Vadik) Resnikov, the suspect in the case of Richard Prosser, who was murdered in the National nightclub on Jan. 1, 1981, had served two years in prison in the Ukraine before emigrating. Resnikov is the closest distribution of what a number of law enforcement experts believe is a much wider problem. Soviet authorities, like the Cubans during the last 50, and during the early 1970s taken advantage of large-scale emigration to rid their country not only of political dissidents and religious activists but also of a number of criminals

say that there is an increasingly professional group of immigrants involved in a broad range of crimes, including counterfeiting, bootlegging, forged taxi licenses, robbery, extortion, trade in illegal weapons and narcotics. FBI agent James Murphy, who heads the investigation, carefully points out that the agency believes the majority of immigrants are honest, hardworking people involved in illegal activities. "We do not want to be perceived as targeting a Jewish group," he said. "We are



Brighton Beach business district: Aliens' intentions were to alienate not rob

turned Brighton Beach into one of New York's liveliest ethnic communities. Just 30 years ago the streets of Brighton Beach were dangerous slums. The main thoroughfares were burned out and boarded up. Street thugs attacked the elderly—the last vestiges of a community of Russian Jews who arrived at the turn of the century and settled in the area. But the influx in the past decade of more than 25,000 new Jewish immigrants from the Soviet Union has revitalized the region. Con-

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criminals. According to the FBI's Murphy, language and the cultural barriers are hampering police efforts to prevent the Russian Mafia from becoming an organized hierarchy of full-time professional criminals. There are only two Russian-speaking officers available on the FBI and the New York City Police force to try to win the trust of the community. Said Murphy: "Even though they are becoming Americanized, they still tend to look on the police the same way they did at home."

The spectre of KGB involvement hangs like a dark cloud over the Russian Mafia in Brighton Beach. Adds the FBI's E. Jose Gray, whose job it is to monitor KGB activity in New York: "There is undoubtedly a great deal of interest in the Russian Mafia on the part of the KGB here." FBI spokesmen downplay the threat to U.S. security posed by any working relationship of the Russian Mafia and the KGB but they do acknowledge that before Soviet officials would have allowed criminals to emigrate they would almost certainly have pressured them to co-operate with the KGB after they had settled in the United States. "It would be a quantum leap to say that the KGB is controlling the activities of the Russian Mafia," said Murphy. "But, still, I cannot say that we would be totally surprised if we found that out."

Some Soviet community leaders are concerned that the media is overplaying the role of the Russian Mafia. Observed Andrei Sedykh, editor in chief of *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, a weekly paper that has been the voice of Soviet immigrants for more than 20 years: "Brighton Beach is a town with 25,000 Jewish immigrants. I am not idealistic about them—they are not all freedom fighters, and I am sure that the KGB planted some criminals. But in every U.S. town of 25,000 you will find that most people are honest and hardworking, yet some are thieves and welfare cheats. A few will be drunks, some will be crazy people, and one or two might kill. But it is no more fair to judge Russian immigrants by these few than it would be any other group. In the end, they will become good Americans—no better, no worse."

Most law enforcement officials agree with Sedykh's assessment. But they also recognize that nearly every immigrant group that has poured into the U.S. melting pot has initially involved its own enforcement organizations, which can be troublesome to police. In the Soviet community, that is what is happening now as police agencies strain to learn the language, lifestyle, patterns of organization and methods of operation of the Russian Mafia.

—DANIEL ELBERSTEIN in New York City



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FOLLOW-UP

In pursuit of the Titanic

Ever since it sank on April 15, 1912, 496 miles southwest of Newfoundland, the Titanic has been the object of morbid curiosity and fascination. It has also been the subject of at least 27 books and has become a metaphor for scientific arrogance. In 1986, Texas oilman Jack Grimm began work for the great wreck, and he has already invested \$2.5 million of his personal fortune in the quest. (On July 16 Grimm, a 56-year-old geologist, will sail from Halifax for his third, and he claims his last, search. "I am confident that we will find it," he declared optimistically.)

The main challenge facing his 52-member team of oceanographers from New York's Columbia University is to pinpoint the wreck's location. William Ryan, the expedition's chief oceanographer, has surveyed the search area down to 600 square miles—more than two-thirds of it already covered in the 30 days Grimm spent searching in 1980 and 1981. "It is analogous to losing an earring on a thick pile carpet," explained Ryan. "You have to get down on your hands and knees anywhere on the carpet."

Next month's expedition will employ a side-scan sonar to obtain sound-wave photographs of the ocean floor 12,000 feet below at a magnification, an instrument that would give a scale-shaped graph printout of the Titanic. A color TV camera will be dropped down to investigate any promising evidence and to film the wreck if it is found. Said Grimm: "It is total darkness down there, but the water is very clear, so with lights you could see the same environment of this great ship on the ocean floor. I thought it would be a magnificent film, an archaeological." After raising the film Grimm hopes to recover the rejected footage in jewels stored in the ship's safe.

So far, Grimm's findings consist only of a propeller-shaped twisted image with dimensions that resemble those of the Titanic—just with no accompanying sonar or magnetic evidence of a wreck. Next month's five-day search, which will cost about \$200,000, will begin at the spot where that twisted image was obtained. Said Grimm: "It is like drilling a wildcat well for oil or searching for gold and silver. It's a treasure hunt."

—MICHAEL CLIMBERT in Halifax

COLUMN

The licking of a resolute canine

By Charles Gordon

The dog who ran for the leadership of the Progressive Conservative party didn't win. Nobody really expected him to. He was regarded as a fringe candidate and a dog political analysts pointed out that neither had ever won before.

The dog was disappointed, though. The dog thought he had a chance. This dog was a dog political candidate. Even when the quest seems hopeless, hope stirs. Voters are usually nice people and like to afford a candidate by telling him to go home. So they snubbed him. If he is in a dog, they put him on the shelf or stretch him on the shelf, something they would not ordinarily do with a human candidate.

The dog, like the other candidates, had been encouraged by the response he was getting. Time after time, at doorway after doorway, reception after reception, dogmen seemed appreciative. "Good dog," they said, and the dog reported this to his strategists.

The strategists, although they would sooner have been working for a human being, were encouraged by that. They had been taking polls. The polls showed the usual people in the land, but on the other category people were expressing sympathy for the underdog or disenfranchisement with the other candidates. "I would never vote for a dog," was a typical Other response. The strategists decided to work on this. They designed buttons and posters. "Vote for a dog," they said. The candidate expressed a desire for more publicity. "Man's best friend," the next batch said. An emotional Canadian arose, "Person's best friend" was rejected.

There remained the picture of the dog, looking left. This did not mean the dog was on the left wing of the party. It did not mean that the dog was a Red Tory or even a Red Rover. It just meant that the dog's best profile was his right. The dog had not thought about this much, but strategists are paid to know such things. They study them in the back rooms, where all strategists are forced to operate. The dog's strategists, figuring they could put an over on a dog, asked him for a front room. The dog said no.

The picture for the poster and buttons looked good to the dog. The strategists had rejected other animals, now his own would look silly on a dog, there were no plastic mauls, no furs or leather handed out to dogmen. But

there was a song, a variation of an old Joe Clark ditty: "We will get Co/na/da bar/king again." And there was a pamphlet, pointing out in considerable detail the major failures of political leaders throughout history who were not dogs.

The pamphlet gave the strategists an idea for a slogan, and they immediately caused it to be printed on all the buttons and posters. "Why not a dog?" the slogan said, and it made people think or at least to the strategists told the candidate.

In the end, it came to nothing. The dog was knocked out early. His supporters, pretending they were not dogs at all, walked on two legs to the cheering sections of other candidates. The other candidate, seeing the dog's early political demise, had such mixed statements about how the campaign had ended as there's a word of respect for dogs. The survivors of dogs

The Conservative dog got knocked out early; he blamed the media, who said his bark was worse than his bite

would be asked of a high priority in any subsequent human Tory government, it seemed.

There was small consolation to the dog. He was better, and he blamed the media. From the day he arrived in Ottawa, they had been bad to him, said, morning the way they had never left him alone. They had and never given him time to think. They had directed bright lights into his face, showed cameras and microphones at him, demanded statements and then they had been bad to him.

They asked him about languages, about his lack of political experience, confronted him with rumors that his bark was worse than his bite. When he snarled at them, they reported the fact eagerly. "The latter said," they put in the headlines, and immediately set to work getting reactions from other candidates. The other candidates made their faces appear sad and said it was understandable but regrettable that such a thing could occur in the heat of an election campaign.

It was worse on the convention floor, at the reception and in the hospitality suite. Few prints had been found on

the subject of a rival candidate's headquarters. Did this mean a deal was in the works? A shipment of dog biscuits had arrived from a mysterious source. Did this mean he was being bought out? Or maybe he had been served at the dog's reception. Did this mean he had given up?

The dog found his freedom of movement limited, his every move subjected to intense scrutiny. Newspapers were doing dog-in-the-front interviews. A nervous jittery could have been a reaction to his species. One television network hired a British dog to do expert commentary. A rival network hired a veterinarian. The veterinarian raised questions as to whether any dog would have the sense to lead a major political party. The British dog said that no party leader in the Mother of Parliaments had ever been a dog, although there were one or two who might have been if that network, the most sensationalist of all, hired a dog.

As usual, the newspapers hired palm readers and handwriting whizzes to augment their convention coverage. The dog, having neither a palm nor handwriting, suffered what one newspaper called a "sneaking setback." Editorial endorsements were withheld. The dog was dunned with faint praise, in the next-to-last paragraph, as "a capable candidate for a dog." The Progressive Conservative party was characterized as "perhaps better led than in previous times by a human being." News reports in the last few days before the vote described the dog's campaign. The dog, who had, in his political career, drooled, panted and scratched but never snarled, snarled and then was asked, although he gave creditable performance in the policy workshops and a not-for-free-of-charge Friday night, nothing could save him.

Sunday morning, the dog held a press conference to announce his return to private life. To reporters asking what he would do with his time, he replied "I'm going to get acquainted with my family, move in the sun, maybe chase a few sticks, bark at the mailman or write a column."

Not many reporters attended. When the dog said "I'm my last press conference," a few eyebrows were raised. They had heard it before. No many could stay away for long, once bitten by the political flea.

Charles Gordon is a columnist for the Ottawa Citizen.

The Mulroney challenge

By Carol Gosar

At opposite ends of the strategy arena, the two 44-year-old men waited for their party to decide their fate. On one side, Joe Clark gambled that the prospect of power would force the Progressive Conservative party to unite behind him for the first time in seven years. For his part, Brian Mulroney offered a fresh face and the promise that he could make the Tories relevant in Quebec for the first time in three decades. It cost the party nine leaders, \$5 million and a trip to bail and back to bid Clark farewell and to choose Mulroney as its 19th leader since Confederation.

Last weekend's leadership convention spent most of the conventional wisdom. The polls indicated that Clark's support was soft, but his rabid supporters stoically stayed with him until the final ballot. The pundits wrote that third-place John Crosbie had enough second-ballot growth potential to win. But he remained lodged in third place until he was finally forced out of the race.

Surprisingly, the Tory showdown was played out almost entirely on the campaign floor. There were no major backroom deals or power plays. Essentially, the outcome was determined not by shifting alliances, but by refusal to alter allegiances. In the end, on the fourth and final ballot, there was a two-way battle in the trenches for the 1,499 delegates needed for a simple majority. There were key players in the drama, but there was no real kingmaker. There were turns in the tide but no single moment that decided the outcome. In the end, the Conservatives closely chose the man they believed could beat Liberal leader-in-waiting John Turner in the next election. Above all, the Tories wanted a winner, and they chose promise over the prize.

But the Tories got more than a would-be pacifist on Saturday's leadership vote. They chose the party's first leader from Quebec in 90 years. They rejected Crosbie, at least partly, because he was unable to speak French. After years of agonizing over how to treat French Canada—clinging from the disastrous 1960s to a decade of national policies in the 1970s—the Conservatives have decided to appeal to Quebecers with a leader from their midst, a man who speaks their language fluently. The days when

a bilingual Canadian could become prime minister—as Liberal Lester Pearson once predicted—appeared to have ended.

The party decided to give a chance to the man it had snubbed seven years earlier for being too slick and too apolitical. Although Mulroney clearly ran a much more restrained leadership campaign than he did in 1976, it is unclear whether time has truly tempered the man himself.

Mulroney takes over the party without a seat in Parliament, without a staff and without an insider's knowledge of the complex workings of Parliament Hill. In some quarters of the party there are big bridges to build—and within his ranks there are people with no inclination to start construction. Mulroney says the country's problems can be solved in the same way that he confronted the disastrous labor relations and earnings record of the Iron Ore Co. of Canada when he became president in 1977—with good personal relations, his skill as a negotiator and his commitment to productivity. But first, the new leader will have to master far more complex issues than those posed by one major company.

With the Conservatives now standing at 50 per cent in the Gallup poll, the prospect of Martin Brian Mulroney of Pule Cove, becoming Canada's next Prime Minister is very real. But before the next federal election, he will have to arise the party and show that he is in control—in a way that Joe Clark never was. He must also win a by-election, take his place in Parliament and learn the rigors of life as a politician.

Mulroney has clearly proven that he was able to master the complexities of a leadership convention. In the bid to win supporters of other candidates, the Mulroney camp gave each of its delegates a computer printout with the names of people who would be waiting in the same line to vote. On the printed as "X" appeared beside the name of each delegate who might be successfully persuaded because he was not strongly committed, or was supporting a candidate likely to be eliminated early in the balloting. As well, there were spotlights on the convention floor, two cameras watching the convention on television and a newsroom's news center in a trailer behind the stadium. All of the other major candidates had similarly sophisticated operations that transformed the floor into a smorgasbord of special entrees.

Ballot 1 itself was a marathon. Voting started at 12:05 p.m. and the results were not announced until almost 2 A.M. The outcome paralleled the opinion surveys before the vote. Clark got 1,389 votes—35.5 per cent, Mulroney's 874 votes—29.2 per cent—were more than expected and he looked jubilant. Crosbie got a disappointing 439 votes—31.4 per cent—and insisted that he was neither surprised nor worried. "Just where I wanted to be," a wooden-faced Michael Wilson was deeply hurt by his 144 votes. David Crombie was shocked by his 116 votes. John Gamble and Neil Fraser got 17 and five votes respectively, eliminating them.

Many assumed that both candidates had withdrawn from the race. The two men met on the convention floor, shook hands and made their move. There was a moment of uncertainty as they went about the Murray section of the arena and seemed to be on their way to the box. But they turned around and headed toward Mulroney—amid deafening cheers from his supporters.

As the three candidates clasped hands, one of the key strategists in the deal, Pocklington's campaign chairman and best friend, Thomas Lawyer Ralph Lean, made his way over to the Mulroney box and almost fell against Mulroney's campaigner Meigher. "It took me a hell of a long time for you, Michael," he gaped. "Now just get me a Gator and get me up there." A Mulroney organizer hoisted Lean over the railing and another planted a Royal Crown coin in his hand.

For Pocklington, it was a move dictated by the logic of mathematics. But for Wilson the decision was apocalyptic. Pocklington phoned Wilson shortly after the results were announced. "Mike, we've got to go to Brian," said Pocklington. "It's the one that we do the job for the right wing of the party, and we need a businessman." But Wilson argued that it was Wilson's conviction that the party could not win with Clark that determined his destination, not Pocklington's call. And after Wilson stumbled badly on the first ballot, he decided to move quickly before his troops deserted uncontrollably in all directions.

For Pocklington it was not just the right-wing factor, or even Mulroney's promise of a royal commission on the Edmonton oilfield's cherished fair-tax scheme that forced the move to Mulroney. It was clear to Pocklington that Mulroney had a better chance than Crosbie to stop Clark—and that was vital. As his chief organizer, Peter Bagmetref, told a Pocklington meeting at 6:30 a.m. on Saturday, "We've stopped Joe Clark. It wouldn't be as there were not been another western candidate. If we hadn't moved, that stinking little worm might have gotten in," he declared, rejecting the harsh hostility that would lead to Joe Clark's doom in hours later.

Wilson's sudden jump to Mulroney caught Crosbie off-guard. Wilson there had been talks among Pocklington, Crosbie and Wilson organizers about a possible coalition after the first ballot. Crosbie's decision to hang in for the ballot 2 provoked great bitterness in the



The convention floor: Mulroney: a mandate to lead



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Clark camp, since it effectively left Crombie on the ballot for an additional round. Clark's convention chairman, John McDonald, went to Crombie in an attempt to persuade the former Toronto mayor to drop out, but he was rebuffed. Clark then sent a platoon of aides, including top fund-raiser Finlay MacDonald, and campaign manager William McLean, to Crombie. But there was no deal. Clark, who was sitting about six feet from the Crombie section of the arena, stayed for a long, painful moment at the man who had played a key role in robbing him of the leadership. But Crombie did not look back. He has not done so since Clark excluded him from the inner circle of his government.

Although spirits were soaring in the Mulrooney camp, there was still one big worry—that Clark's first-ballot support would melt dramatically, forcing him to join up with Crombie. Clark's support did drop on the second ballot, to 1,885 votes from 1,891, but it was not yet fatal. Mulrooney gained 147 votes, coming in at 1,001. Crombie gained 142, to boost him to 781 votes. And Crombie fell from the move as the lone man with 67 votes.

After shaking hands with his strategists, Crombie left the hall for about 30 minutes for a private meeting with John Crombie, where they struck a deal. The bargain was that Crombie would go to Crombie—provided the Tories' 40 was guaranteed that Crombie would not join the Clark camp. Crombie was convinced that the party needed a change in leadership. Crombie said he chose Crombie "because you can look him in the eye."

Mulrooney's supporters had even more pressing concerns. Crombie's decisions were throwing out in every direction to convince Clark supporters to join them in stopping Mulrooney. Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford strode boldly over to Clark's box, waving his hands and urging Clark to join Crombie. Clark, looking distinctly uncomfortable, replied, "Yes, I'm not."

But the real action was taking place in a dressing room off the convention floor. In a cramped, vaulted room, normally used by hockey players to change and shower, the Clark strategists gathered to discuss the possibility of a Crombie-led coalition. Crombie's campaign manager, John Langinger, his executive assistant, Ross Reid, and British Columbia's former premier (Gordon Campbell), represented the Newfoundlanders. Representing Clark were Finlay MacDonald, William McLean, Alberta ex- and former cabinet minister Don Mazankowski, national campaign direc-

tor Senator Lowell Murray, Saskatchewan's William McLaughlin and advisor David Small, spoke for the former prime minister. Each side made the same point: if one of us does not join the other, Mulrooney will get it. It was, as Crombo's words, a game of political chicken.

At 6:07 p.m. Langinger emerged shaking his head. There was no deal. Reid later confirmed that the session had been a failure. "There is no hope that will come as a deal," he said. "Not with Quebec," he added, referring to his candidate's fatal inability to speak French. Clark strategist Lowell Murray scoffed at the very notion that the first-place candidate would drop out. "It gives the process a bad name," he con-



Went from a private to a public life

cluded. Clark's fences, meanwhile, made a bid for support from Premier William Davis of Ontario. But he too refused to move.

In the turmoil, the result of ballot 3 was announced. Clark was slightly ahead, with 1,898, and Mulrooney had 1,886. Crombie placed a respectable third with 868, but he was eliminated. When his total was announced, Crombie raised his arms in a victory salute even though he knew it meant he was out of the race. After a long, sorrowful embrace with Crombie, he hugged with his top advisors, Reid and Langinger, and moments later left his wife and his enco-

unter to meet his men 65 off the convention floor.

There, five MPs, including Ontario's Red Bradley, Langinger, Reid, Peckford and business executive Jean Pigeon discussed what they would do with their support. Crombie asked for opinions, but decided on his own that he would stay neutral and avoid further dividing the party by choosing to join either Clark or Mulrooney. "I am releasing my delegates," he said. Finlay Aylward, one of Crombie's oldest friends and advisors in Newfoundland, said later that Crombie sought advice, "but knew what he would do all along." Aylward says Crombie will be watching Mulrooney closely "and he will expect more than smiles."

Crombie later told reporters that the turning point came when the Clark people refused to move to him. As for his future, he said, "Tonight I am having a party for my workers, tomorrow I am playing tennis and Monday I am starting my French lessons. If I start learning French, the next leader will be suspicious."

Meanwhile, key delegates began moving to Mulrooney. First, Cambridge MP Chris Sawyer left the Crombie camp. It was the beginning he had been one of Crombie's key organizers, and the move was the secret of the night. Next, defeated anti-septic, middle-aged, Neil Fraser joined the Mulrooney, allowing Mike Mulrooney to put a red, white and blue Mulrooney on either as his leading hand. About 30 minutes after the vote, former Newfoundland premier Frank Moores and ex-Peak Newland, made their way over to the Mulrooney box. Soon the trickle had grown to a deluge.

Moores was a key leader in the movement of Crombie supporters to the Mulrooney camp. His cowrite, Jesse, was Mulrooney's Manitoba organizer, and several times, before the fourth and final ballot was taken, Moores slipped into the convention floor for a quiet chat with her and far more formal talks with other Mulrooney organizers. The fourth ballot was little more than a formality. Before the voting even began, Conservative pollster Allan Gregg said that Mulrooney was a sure winner. The reason: "A feeling it's time for a change and the vote wanted it." On the floor, Mulrooney's momentum was unstoppable.

In the Clark box, the mood was fatalistic. The singing was half-hearted, and Marlene McCree's smile seemed frozen. The agency lasted two hours. Clark's ordeal ended at 8:27 p.m. when co-chairman Charney opened the arena, underscoring the results of the balloting for the last time, and announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have a winner." The results were Mulrooney, 1,894 votes, Clark, 1,825. Clark's chin was resting on his hand. "That's it," he said,



John and Jane Crombie (left), David and Shirley Crombie, a weary couple: defined by its candidate's stubbornness

and a look of resignation creased his face. Finally, he managed a wistful smile and said to his wife, "We lost it."

Mulrooney immediately hugged Mike and waved to his fans. After 10 hours in the furnace-like arena, with no respite from other than hugs and soda water, his supporters could barely find the kind of energy they needed for an emotional demonstration.

At 9:30 p.m. Clark made his way to the podium for his final farewell, which was tearful and statesmanlike. "The party has made its choice," he said simply. "It has a duty to ensure that that choice is supported in every corner of the party and of the country. I intend to ensure that that happens," he said, proposing that the selection of Mulrooney as leader be made unanimous. All the other candidates were on the stage, but Clark's most poignant goodbye came from Crombie—ironically, the man who had been instrumental in his defeat. Crombie gave his former leader a quick kiss on the cheek.

When Mulrooney moved to the podium, his voice was hoarse from playing chairman to his vocal supporters but, after several changes of shirts between ballots, his appearance was still fresh. He asked Clark for serving the party with "agility, humor and courage," and he promised that the defeated leader would continue to play a prominent role in the party. Then he thanked his wife, Mike, and joined the crowd in applauding the blushing 39-year-old at his side. Finally, shouting with all his voice he

had left, Mulrooney declared: "Together we're going to build a brand new party and a brand new country." Later, in a CBC television interview, he told his daughter Caroline, who was celebrating her sixth birthday: "I guarantee you I've got a present for you."

He also promised to meet Sunday with



Opposition Leader Erik Nielsen and top party officials, and he promised to work a seat in Parliament at "an early moment." Mulrooney said four Conservative MPs had offered to resign to create a vacancy, but he declined to be specific. "I can only do that at prime time," he said. Looking ahead to the prospect of facing Prime Minister Jean Chrétien across the floor of the House of Commons, Mulrooney said: "I'm not going to leave too much sleep over it. I'm sure I'll hold my own."

Mulrooney's campaign began officially on March 28, the first day of spring and the day after his 44th birthday. But the real starting point was during the same week seven years ago. Mulrooney and lawyer Michel Gosselin celebrated their birthdays, which are only one day apart. The pair of Mulrooney's failed leadership had a month earlier had eased slightly, and the two lawyers viewed that the next time the leadership was up for grabs they would reach for it again.

Four months later Mulrooney accepted a job as executive vice-president of the Don Ore Co. of Canada, and he became president a year later. But during his seven years in the executive suite Mulrooney never strayed far from Tory politics. He hosted the Joe Clark annual provincial dinner in Quebec town, he was on the party's policy committee until 1971, he spoke at dozens of fundraising meetings and fund-raising dinners, and every summer he took two plane-loads of top-party strategists to the coast-

party's private fishing camp on a remote lake in Labrador. His guests—who included Philip MacDonell, columnist and Tory insider Dalton Camp and former prime minister's aide William Novlin—found the fishing superb, but it was the late-night political discussions that interested Mulroney: in those talks the men discussed Mulroney's future and that of the party. "He takes fishing, but it was a good way to get people together," said Hughes.

Everything was quietly falling into place for Mulroney's second leadership bid until last November. In the face of plummeting international demand for steel and the collapse of free export prices, he had to announce the July closing of the company's iron mines in Schefferville, Que. The closure threw 385 workers onto the unemployment rolls and it virtually closed down the once thriving one-company town. Political analysts at the time predicted that the shutdown also spelled oblivion for the company president.

Mulroney knew that the Schefferville disaster could hurt his leadership aspirations and he worked furiously to fix it. The damage. Facing 15 Parti Québécois and provincial Liberal politicians for a grueling four hours, he argued that the company had no choice but to close. He softened the blow by offering laid-off workers a handsome severance package. Then he described his own master plan for the development of northern Quebec. He assured the muscle of a conquering hero: passed on the editorial pages, newspapers ran in the backrooms and tried to get on with his political career. "They either carry you out on a stretcher or on their shoulders," Mulroney later told *Maclean's*.

The former labor lawyer jumped into the leadership race with maximum fanfare. Two weeks before his official announcement he was feted at a gala in Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel which attracted 3,000 "friends of Brian Mulroney." He repeated the performance at a smaller workers' gathering in Halifax. By the time he actually declared that he was a candidate at a press conference in Ottawa, the only surprise was the low-key way in which he did it.

But the announcement was typical of the frugal, strident campaign that Mulroney and his team had decided to run. It would not be a repeat of their 1978 road show



Puckington (right), wife, Eva, Greshy and supporter unity

In fact, as Mulroney sought a cab to take him from the Château Laurier, where he was meeting with his advisers, to the National Press Theatre for his announcement, a Cadillac drove up to the door, and he climbed with the team (except to give him an old Pontiac instead). He entered the campaign without a campaign manager, without a formal organization and without a detailed game plan. Those on the team that he did have, however, those watching it often found it disorganized.

While the machine was making its way at Mulroney's Toronto headquarters in the old Board of Trade building on Adelaide Street, necessary delegate battles raged in Quebec. The efforts took place in the Montreal suburb of St-Jacques, where Mulroney organizer Frank Hasey rounded up 47 delegates at a Montreal club and hotel, insisting they were "very conscientious electors—I hope there will be more beer for them later." There was indeed, and Mulroney swept the riding. Clark's warriors were equally unimpressed.

Wison (right), Mulroney's wife Smith's quick walk to Mulroney



stopping a busload of Mulroney supporters on their way to a delegate selection meeting and threatening them with violence if they left the bus.

The focus of attention remained on Quebec until a rainy Saturday afternoon at the end of April when all the main contenders met in Toronto's Massey Hall for their only all-candidate debate. Mulroney performed well, his clever political barter and quick wit winning him an interested hearing and several leading newspaper headlines.

Fresh from his morale-boosting performance in Toronto, Mulroney began a tour of his home province. It was there that

his longest controversy over patronage appointments first emerged. It dogged him throughout the campaign and it will continue to weigh on him in the months ahead. When a group of 38 Alton workers paraded in Quebec on their way to a study session, Mulroney said, "There, ladies and gentlemen, goes Canada's next Senate." By the end of the campaign, he had jointly offered Senate seats, judgeships and dips in Pierre Trudeau's pool to helpful warrents, enthusiastic volunteers and hundreds of perfect strangers. Although his hater's chief critics, it also touched a raw nerve. Longtime party workers worried that all the best jobs in Mulroney's organization would be given to his friends.

To promote his moderate image, Mulroney flew commercially most of the time, using cars supplied by local organizations, and he stayed in the 140-a-night Travelodge of small-town Canada. It was a frugal campaign, although not quite the "frugal old-time wagon" that some of his promoters had promised. But austerity does not attract votes. In fact, up until the first three weeks of the campaign, Mulroney was so inebriate that people began to speculate that his leadership drive was faltering.

Eventually, a headline-making delegate poll by the Carleton University School of Journalism convinced Mulroney to change his tactics. When the survey results were released on May 16, showing that Mulroney had only 19 per cent of first-ballot support, compared with 35 per cent for Clark and 54 per cent for Chénier, he vowed that he would be on the television news every night, that he would talk to every journalist who asked for an interview and that he would spend the final weeks of the



Wiser's DeLuxe.
10 Years Old.
A great whisky
must taste its time.

Our people and our whisky
are in no hurry. That's something
you don't see much of these
days. But we still live up to the
standards our founder J.P. Wiser
set over a century ago.

Because lots of time and
patience accounts for the smooth
and distinctively superior taste
of Wiser's DeLuxe.

There are faster ways to
make whisky.
But there's none better.

J.P. Wiser said it all 125 years ago,
"Quality is something you just can't rush."



campaign in vote-rich Ontario.

He got more exposure. He became aggressive, slipped into a folksy kind of street talk and took on the other candidates head to head. John Crosbie was a well-known Liberal defector, he pointed out. Joe Clark had only managed to stay in power for nine months—37 days in Parliament—before his government was "blown right out of the water." The gloves were off, and by the time he was arrived at the Chateau for the final act on June 8 he was indisputably in second place.

The convention that followed was typically circus-like, officially staged in the antebellum Civic Centre, but fought in hotels throughout Ottawa and neighboring Hull. Gov. John Crosbie looked off a rooftop succession of hotel room drink fests Monday night with a Newfoundland "screw-on" for the 1,800 journalists attending. For the next part, the media were attentive and friendly as what had begun, 77 days earlier, was lengthened bid for the leadership. But one that soon grabbed the spotlight. By early last week, though, some Crosbie workers feared that their early exposure might have led to too much exposure too soon, raising unrealistic expectations about their candidate's showing on the first ballot.

Policy sessions that dominated the

Device: the Big Blue Machine was mobilized



Flora MacDonald (upper left), McTeer, Clark, Stanfield not enough



agenda on Thursday seemed to be largely meaningless. The discussions were well attended, the speeches by the candidates were generally thoughtful, in some cases powerful, but no candidate made a huge blunder and no one seemed to pull away drastically from the pack. That was in contrast to the 1976 convention when Clark's unexpectedly strong performance in the policy sessions gave convention watchers the first clear sign that he was a force to be reckoned with. A former Alberta MLA, and a longtime Mulroney supporter (he seconded Mulroney's nomination at the 1976 convention), needed how differently that convention had unfolded. "Clark really pulled out ahead in the policy sessions last time," he said. "But this time, everyone handled themselves well."

That was not the case with the Friday night speeches, in which Crosbie was judged to have outperformed the field by building on his greatest weakness—his poor command of French. "Je suis Canadien et j'en suis fier" (I am a proud Canadian), he said, mangling the pronunciation, but winning a good deal of sympathy. Arms waving, he said he wanted the themes of his campaign with a fire and urgency tone of the now-indefinite election chance at the leadership.

Mulroney's speech, on the other hand, was a safe, stand-out, wrap-up of the themes of his campaign, and it failed to generate much enthusiasm, except among his followers. "We didn't want to try anything too risky," explained aide Thomas McTeer. "He needed to come on with a tact he was comfortable with—not a bombast." McTeer said the speech was designed to rally Mulroney's core militia of delegates and to convince the leavers in other camps that he was a safe, statesmanlike choice.

Clark's speech, in the estimation of

all but his most loyal supporters, fell just. It was a carbon copy of the 1976 familiar and critical speeches that the former leader is renowned for delivering. He urged the party to stay with him instead of taking the risk with a new leader at a time when a federal election is approaching. His most impressive moment was his entrance with a phalanx of his and key party officials. By Friday night, Clark had the support of 46 members of the party's 203-member caucus, almost double the number claimed by any other candidate.

For many Tories the line that epitomized the convention was a wry joke by fourth-place Michael Wilson. "We've got to stop meeting like this," he said during his speech to the delegates. After a dramatic summary of testing and rejecting new leaders in past elections for a month, it was a particularly appropriate acknowledgment to the Conservative cause. One Tory who has clearly heeded the message is Brian Mulroney. After fighting and losing in 1976, and fighting again to win in 1984, he has learned his lesson well. His challenge now is nothing less than to teach what he has been taught, and learned, under fire.

With John McTeer, Brian Mulroney, Gordon Logan, James Smith and John Van Dusen in Ottawa, and Brian Mulroney in Toronto.

Mulroney: the first priority—unity



Fences to mend, bridges to build

Newer in the history of the Progressive Conservative party has anyone catapulted directly from private life into the leader's office. Brian Mulroney is the first of the party's 18 leaders to take over without ever contesting a federal election or serving in a legislature of any kind. Throughout his three-month campaign, the 46-year-old lawyer steadily maintained that he could become a politician on the job. Now he will have the chance to prove it.

Mulroney needs more than just a Commonsense seat to establish his credentials. His first challenge is to transform his

new leadership into a personal triumph into a victory for the entire party. That will involve convincing his rivals to come on side. To do that he will have to show the divided Tory caucus that he is indisputably in control and he will have to organize a circle of advisors who are conversant with Ottawa's corridors of power and who can help him avoid the pitfalls of inexperience. Only when he has overcome those obstacles can Mulroney think about fighting for a seat in Parliament. (All during the convention, the Mulroney camp maintained that two additional Conservative wins had offered their seats in the event of a Mulroney victory.) He made his first attempt to erase the bitterness of the campaign when he called a Sunday morning meeting of the top workers from the competing camps. Long before the outcome of Saturday's vote was known, in fact, Mulroney announced to a few trusted aides that he would launch his career as leader by ensuring all his men competitors that they will be roomed for three, and their best strategies, in his administration.

Mulroney realized the effectiveness of that strategy in 1971, when William Davis was chosen leader of the Ontario Conservative party. Davis' first move—five days after his appointment—was to reach out to the talented workers who had not been part of his campaign and warmly invite them to join him. Apart from his gesture toward the

vanquished, Mulroney has had little time to plan his future. But it is clear that the events that will dominate his life between now and the next federal election are already taking shape with relentless rapidity. Within two years he has to hire a permanent staff, rally the party around him, get elected and in all likelihood face a new Liberal leader. With such formidable challenges ahead, Mulroney's most urgent priority is to assemble a team he trusts.

Mulroney's campaign promises to give him friends all the best jobs in Ottawa make hiring a staff sound easy. But the

struggle of hiring an instant staff—the party's Clark in 1976—is to fill the critical positions with interim people. That way, any disaster is at least reversible. But that option is closed to Mulroney. With a national election two years away, he has to sign up a staff that will develop with him. The next effort at hiring groups explains one of the chief architects of the Clark administration. "He needs people who can run and manage a campaign."

Although Mulroney himself gave no hint of the kind of assistants he will seek, it was clear he was leaning toward a few key strategists. John Langstaff, John Crosbie's campaign manager, is certain to be vigorously courted. When Mulroney has selected his people, he will have to widen his scope. His first target will be the 100 MPs and senators who often rode Clark's weekly mass sessions a nightmare. Mulroney will have to demonstrate to those politicians not just that he is in the driver's seat but that he knows where he is taking the nation.

By the fall Mulroney will have to think seriously about fighting the by-election. That campaign will provide Canadian voters with a first taste of his leadership style in the federal arena. One of the annoying opportunities of by-elections is that the opposition has as much control over their timing. Although Mulroney has boldly professed that he will postpone the election by Sept. 3 at the latest, he can in fact only hope that in the case of Jean Pierre Trudeau to win the polling date, and the only rule governing his announcement is that it must be made within six months of a vacancy occurring. As a result, he could keep Mulroney out of the Commons until December—and even then not a date month in the future.

Mulroney smiles expansively when he is asked what he would do if he were running the country. That is not surprising. Brian Fraser, Mulroney's assistant, almost never has getting there

—CAROL GEAR IN OTTAWA

Mulroney departs, divisions, competitors and loyalists

Mulroney departs, divisions, competitors and loyalists

Mulroney departs, divisions, competitors and loyalists

The trail from Baie Comeau to the top

Martin Brian Mulroney's mystique as a young-boy-rakes-gold backer, he already has as carefully established that it barely resembles reality. His 1976 campaign literature, for one thing, recounts how the 32-year-old son of a Baie Comeau, Que., industrial electrician used to tell his fellow townies that he wanted to become Prime Minister when he grew up. That never happened, Mulroney now says. "I have no recollections of any degree of political activity," he says. "All of my

various schools until 1962, when he graduated as law from Laval university in Quebec City. He was just 13 when he left the town of 3,000 for the first time to go to St. Thomas College, a boys' school in Chatham, N.B. "I can still see myself arriving there with my schoolbag suitcase," he says. "I felt like Marco Polo." He did not come to him to be recruited until he passed a pay telephone one night and saw a classmate "bawling his eyes out."

In New Brunswick he learned of a

campus Conservative club. Looking back, Mulroney says he became a Tory for three reasons. For one thing, he saw Robert Stanfield, who visited St. F-X as leader of the provincial Tory Opposition. "That's the kind of guy I wanted to support," he recalls. For another, he felt that the Liberals, who had been in power for 30 years in Ottawa, were a cozy, closed club "with no place for a boy like me." Then he visited Ottawa in 1966 as a youth delegate to the Tory convention that chose John Diefen-

senior Lowell Murray, supported Pierre Marchand, not Mulroney, for the leadership in 1976 and then joined the Clark team in 1979. Mulroney was bitterly disappointed. Still, he has kept in touch with Murray, who was involved in the Clark campaign and is expected to resign his position as chairman of the province's national Conservative.

When he was 19, the Maritime chapter of his life was about over. He went to Halifax and studied in law at Dalhousie University, but one year later transferred to Laval. "I had to get back to my roots," he explains.

The early 1960s were a heady time to be young and politically active in Quebec City. The Quiet Revolution was beginning. Mulroney's student quarters were two blocks from the national assembly, and he found himself rubbing shoulders daily with the province's top politicians and intellectuals. In fact, one of the top lecturers who came to Laval was a Montreal professor named Pierre Trudeau. "I was impressed with him as an intelligent man and an impressive individual, but not as a lawyer," Mulroney now says.

Again, the promising students acquired a loyal circle of influential friends. One of them was Michael Cogger, who would become a Montreal lawyer and Mulroney's campaign manager in his 1976 bid for the leadership. Another was Michael Meghna, grandson of Canada's media prince minister Oliver Allen (included Peter White, a London, Ont., consultant and partner of Conrad Black and Jean Bégin, a lawyer and former president of the Canadian Union of Broadcasters). Meghna is still surprised that they all managed to get through law school. "We didn't spend much time in the library," he says. For his part, White recalls Mulroney's "dazzling" network of political contacts—and a phone bill to match. "He was always talking me into doing things," she explains. He was obviously a successful talker. Less than a year later the two were married and they now have three children.

Just as his personal life was settling down, Mulroney started moving professionally. His first job, as a labor specialist at the high-profile Montreal law firm of O'Leary, Coe, Pertusio, led to an appointment in 1974 as a royal commissioner on the Cléche inquiry into crime

conferences and closed shops."

In 1972 Mulroney met a lively, dark-haired young woman by the swimming pool of Montreal's exclusive Mount Royal tennis club. Her name was Milla Pinocchio, and she was 18. He was 33. Mulroney had been sitting on the deck reading *The New York Times* when the young chemical engineering student, the daughter of a Royal Victoria Hospital's head of psychiatry, emerged for a swim. He promptly forgot about the newspaper. "I managed to intimate myself into her crowd," he says, recall-

ing Quebec's construction industry. As the taste of corruption, richness and loan-shorting in the province's highly television news, the 36-year-old lawyer became a star of 60-second clips. Although he had to endure death threats on the phone and armed guards around his house, the excitement amounted to Mulroney's introduction as a public figure. As he says, "It was an exciting, tumultuous time."

The Cléche commission served as Mulroney's launching pad for his 1976 Tory leadership bid. His old friend Cog-

ger, his first-bidder showing was impressive—he came second to front-runner Pierre Cléche Wagner (but then he was supported by the tidal wave of third-ranked Clark swept past Wagner as the fourth ballot in vote. Mulroney was derailed by his loss and retreated from public view for months, attended parties only by the Wagner forces, who underestimated the political asphyxia in the delegate election process, which Mulroney mastered so well this time.

Mulroney gained important experience from the 1976 loss. His campaign was criticized by both delegates and the public as being too slick, too brainy, too shrewd. That reaction stung among Mulroney. "We struck a response in the hearts of many Canadians," he insists, only somewhat hyperbolically. "The miracle of our 1976 campaign was not that we lost but that we almost won."

His key strategists, however, agree that Mulroney ran too tight a campaign. "It was a highly disciplined strategy. But we had no choice but to wage that kind of campaign. He had to get known through the media. Nobody had ever heard of him in Thunder Bay or Kamloops or Yukon or Prince Rupert. It was a rather uphill struggle from the outset. He had no seat, no experience and no reputation. He didn't have the organization to pick up any second- or third-ballot support. We didn't pay enough attention to delegate contact. All that was considered, the chances of winning were almost nil. The remarkable thing was that he managed to come third."

—CAROL COLE
IN OTTAWA



Mila with the Mulroneys (left to right, Caroline, 9, Mark, 3, and Benedict, 6) swimming pool in Montreal

family were Liberal—that's all I remember."

As well, the tales of blarney and nights in the family's two-story house on Champlain Avenue have been exaggerated, he admits. "There was always room to eat and a proper place to live, a good education and summer jobs. If we were poor, no one realized it."

Mulroney was the third of six children. The family spoke English at home and French at school and on the streets. He got his first job at 12, washing newspapers at the Hudson's Bay Co. Afterward, the young Mulroney had a string of summer jobs—lawyer, truck driver, postal clerk—which brought him home to Baie Comeau every summer from

respected liberal arts university in New Berlin, St. Francis Xavier, and in 1965, at the age of 16, he arrived there, a friendly, likable outsider. "He was that four-eyed, bushy-outed, round-cheked, small little boy," recalls New Brunswick Judge Robert Higgins, who attended the same school. "He was such a winner but, always wanting to be helped, not at all puffy or aggressive."

Within three years Higgins noticed a remarkable change—Mulroney's political awakening. "He had become a fiery orator," says Higgins. The making of Mulroney the politician began during his freshman year, when Lowell Murray, now a senator and one of Joe Clark's key strategists, recruited him into the

books as leader. Mulroney heeded the liberal overtures and hospitality suits and brazenly introduced himself to everyone from then-Ottawa mayor Charlotte Whitten to Diefenbaker himself.

University provided Mulroney with more than a taste for the back room. It also produced the nucleus of a network of fervently devoted friends, who formed the core of his campaign team. Among his fellow students were Sam Wain, a former M.P., now a Toronto lawyer and one of Mulroney's key advisers there, and Patrick MacLean, who became a friend with Joe Clark and acted as Mulroney's eyes and ears in Ottawa. But the most powerful member of what is referred to as the "St. F-X mafia,"



At the 1976 convention: pin money, but perseverance too

The litany of broken dreams

By Carol Gear

Their dreams have died, and the adrenaline that powered them during the grueling three-month leadership campaign is spent. For the exhausted losers of last week's leadership race, the future suddenly held the humbling prospect of competing for the supporting roles in Brian Mulroney's administration. Even as they accepted their fate with magnanimous smiles Saturday night, the painful post-mortem was beginning. A few of the defeated knew that it would be a quagmire venture from the start. Some were tripped up by fatal mistakes along the way, while others were undermined by a complex web of personal shortcomings, organizational difficulties and image problems that they may never fully unravel.

JOE CLARK In the eyes of many Tories, the former leader's biggest mistake was to throw open his job in the first weeks. "You don't expect that from a leader," said former cabinet minister Sinclair Stedman (a Mulroney supporter). But even in his campaign's darkest days, Clark insisted that he had no regrets. "I did not have the authority to lead the party with the kind of firmness that it needs," he said repeatedly. "It was the right decision."

But it was a costly one. And Clark's quest to prove his toughness led him into a string of pugnacious actions and provocative statements. One angry comment seemed to capture the mood of the Clark campaign: "It is my way or the doorway," he told startled members of a Cape Breton riding association. And those words were used against him whenever he went.

Other incidents, too, marred his reputation. He was criticized for using his Air Canada pass and his parliamentary mailing privileges to campaign. And he spent the early part of the campaign in an uneasy competition with Mulroney for Quebec delegates—including the use

of cars and buses to bring in "Trotter Tories" from men's hotels and grade schools to normalize meetings.

Clark and he were simply not that tough to resist the demands of a tough world. But his own aggressiveness had a false, jarring ring. His most loyal supporters stayed with him, but the rest of the party turned away—some grudgingly, some eagerly and some with single relief.

JOHN CROSBIE His campaign was almost letter-perfect, and his organization was masterful. It was the candidate himself who stumbled. One measure of

a charmed existence. It seemed as though he would breeze into the convention without facing any serious obstacle. But his luck evaporated on the last Friday of May in the Montreal suburb of LaSalle. There he faced a barrage of questions in English about his inability to speak French. Though there was nothing new or particularly hostile about the questions, Crosbie's composure snapped. "I'm not a criminal," he blurted out, his face red with anger. "Just because I'm not fluent in French doesn't mean a disaster is going to occur," declared the frustrated candidate.

Crosbie attracted more fire when he advised the country's left-wing minority not to ouster itself "from kind of sanctuary" from which political leaders must be driven. With that, a simple, advice-laden liability suddenly began to undermine the Crosbie campaign. Everywhere he went, Crosbie had to explain, justify and apologize for his bizarre grasp of one of Canada's two official languages. For a man who seemed desperately to talk about the economy, it was an ironic fate. For a man who wanted to be leader, it was an unpolitic and ultimately disastrous slip.

MICHAEL WILSON Four years ago, when the Tories' incoherent campaign first ran for office, he made a telling comment which assumed

a pointed relevance in the campaign. "Public speaking does not come easily to me," he said. "I can't learn a sonnet." That moment of misperception revealed the basic reason that Wilson's campaign faltered. He was neither a spell-binding speaker nor a backslider, a point clearly outlined in Friday's speech. He was tagged with the adjective "boring" at the start of the campaign, and it stuck. In the kind of off-hand comments that turn into part of a candidate's mythology, a parliamentary colleague once said that Wilson was "The Clark Kent going into a phone booth—only he's still Clark Kent when he comes out."

Wilson spent the first half of the campaign trying to outpace delegates that he was actually among the top job—and not merely positioning himself for a high-profile cabinet job or running in a stalking horse for Clark. Nor was he breaking the ground for a later bid for the leadership. His campaign strategy was standard to most of the 3,137 delegates as possible.

But when they got to the ballot box last weekend, those delegates had decided that a Bay Street creature with smugness who can speak labored French, has impressed no voters and an appetite for hard work was not exactly what they wanted. He was a little too grey, a little too bland and almost too stereotypically Canadian.

PETER FOCKINGTON The Tories were not ready for cowboy capitalism. It was the disappointment to have a flamboyant draw-enterprise, a glamorous jet-setter and an irreverent political neophyte on the campaign trail. But Fockington was much too naive for central Canadian Tories. As well, the financial empire in which he built much of his profitability was collapsing around him as he campaigned.

When Fockington announced his leadership bid on March 8, he desperately wanted to begin with a clean slate, offering himself as a concerned Concord with a platform he believed in passionately. But the assumptions turned out to be naive. People were more fascinated by Fockington's Edmonton Oilers owner than by Fockington the candidate, especially when his hockey team made it to the Stanley Cup finals before losing to the New York Islanders. Delegates were also appalled by his odd remarks in the past about how his agent left his body at night and journeyed to exotic locales, such as the Egyptian pyramids and the Kremlin—a phenomenon known as astral projection.

Although Fockington insisted that the country had suffered enough from professional politicians, his lack of decisive or backbone political experience offended delegates. His lack of familiarity with life in Ottawa was evident when he insisted that he considered the prime ministership a "blue-collar" job, and that he planned to work 40-hour weeks and weekends for his family. Fockington's proposal for a flat-rate tax of 30 per cent for all income earners of \$20,000 or less was also



Crosbie with wife, Jane, a liability, outgambled became the dominant issue

other candidates about the reform of Canada's cumbersome tax system, and indeed it was Mulroney's offer of the chairmanship of a royal commission into that scheme that swung Fockington to the Quebecer on the second ballot. But that plan—like the man who offered it—was a little too radical for more traditional Progressive Conservatives.

JOHN GAMBLE The candidate himself best identified what went wrong with his leadership bid. In a speech to a Winnipeg audience Gamble declared, "There is an image of [me as] a disaster roaming across the country smacking everything, behaving irresponsibly." There was indeed. And Gamble's tirades against immigrants, bilingual public servants and his belief that capital punishment was "beyond question" served to alienate it. To many delegates, Gamble appeared to be motivated as much by anger and bitterness as by a desire to serve Canadians.

Gamble had almost no experience working for him. He was the only entrepreneur of his small campaign team who understood his policies well enough to answer questions about them. He complained that the media typicant him as a right-wing nutcase and that the other candidates refused to "tell it like it is."

DAVID CROMBIE The fiery protest candidate, as he was immediately and predictably named, liked to call his campaign organization the little blue station wagon. But his workers, in their more brutally honest moments, called it the children's crusade. Although the children's idealism and optimism of the Crosbie campaign were refreshing, his incoherent organization and inadequate funding were serious liabilities.

Crombie was the first contender to enter the race after Clark opened the door, and he chose to do so with a splashy Sunday afternoon announcement on Toronto's waterfront. But as the heavyweights entered the contest in subsequent weeks, the former Toronto mayor seemed to get swamped. He was squeezed too by the much-favored candidacy of Ontario Premier William Davis. As long as the premier was hovering in the wings, many of Crombie's best sources of funding and support were at risk. When Davis finally bowed out in early May, Crombie had not developed enough momentum to attract the Ontario support he needed.

Until the final few weeks of the campaign, Crombie tried to tame down his populist impulses and distance himself from the Red Tory label, which he thought would hurt his chances in a party that seemed to be leaning to the right. But finally, during the last week of May, he decided to be what he was, proudly, confidently, even defiantly. "It may be fashionable for some to talk tough about social policy outside," he said, "but it is not practical in political terms—and it is dead wrong in moral terms." In the end, Crombie emerged as the conscience of the Tory leadership contest, especially after his Friday night speech. He made everyone else seem like a hypocrite but he alone paid the hardening price for offering honesty and congeniality.

Where, too 'boring'



The man who fell with grace

By John Hay

Near the end of any losing campaign, Joe Clark's eyes become glassy, his politician's grin stiffens, and he wears the haunted expression of a man in a tight-lane running to a destination that he can never reach. Clark's reasons for running so hard for so long are known perhaps only to himself. But those reasons have made Clark different. They have distinguished him from all the other small-town menagers who find themselves in politics, who learn how to strut from the elder pols and who finally work up the nerve to run for election to the House of Commons.

Clark has been running since he was a boy in High River, Alta., since he worked for Ontario cabinet minister David Paton, outgassed down dusty roads for freshman politicians Peter Lougheed and wrote speeches for Robert Stanfield. He has been running since he was a Commons seat in the 1972 election, edged to a fourth-ballot victory in the Tories' 1975 leadership convention and became Prime Minister of Canada three years later. Even then Clark could not stop running—running from the reputation of being a young whip, from reversals and indecision while in office, and from the public contempt that descended on him after he needlessly lost a Commons vote on his first budget. Then, after he lost the ensuing election, Clark was relentlessly hounded by attacks from within his own party, dissent and indignation at Eve, violent and lethal in the end. He finally stemmed and fell last week in a convention that removed him from the leadership in favor of Brian Mulroney.

In all that running, Clark lacked the single quality that politicians demand most of a political winner: a personal authority that commands respect. For one thing, he was afflicted with a body that did not measure up to the demands of television politics: a face that seemed to stop short of a chin, boy's fingers, long, weak wrists, the gift of a nose protruding to be someone else. He was young—30 when he won the leadership, 44 when he lost it—but that only made the maturity he could muster in his voice sound contrived. And his speech—scientific vocabulary only adorned to manage his grandiose tone of the second-hand theory and pompous. Clark is six feet tall, but he still seems small, even in person. Canadian, attracted to authority, never seemed able to achieve

Clark as long as they could look down on him.

Clark himself understood that deficiency and he occasionally felt compelled to boast that he was indeed tough enough to be leader and Prime Minister. In fact, his leadership amounted to an endless dialogue about his toughness.



Clark: mixed connections, toughness

Soon after becoming leader he was forced to cede the party nomination in his own home town. Even then, he had to go north to Yellowknife riding to find a seat. In the run-up to the 1979 election he appeared maddled when he proposed a "fiscal deficit"—a contradictory notion coming from a party that was talking tough about deficit-cutting. And in January, 1978, world tour was a publicity disaster—a furor of mixed connections and pumeling Clarkisms, such as a question to his guide in India, "What is the totality of his head?" re-

ported home by journalists on the trip. Even on the day he lost the 1980 election, the party's own polls showed that public perceptions of Clark were still largely negative.

Once in power, Clark immediately tried to assert his toughness, sometimes with disastrous results. He went out of his way to repeat a catalogue promise to move the Canadian Embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. As a campaign gimmick ostensibly appealing to Jewish voters, the idea had been only mildly controversial. As a diplomatic policy it proved foolhardy and pointless, and Clark's subsequent reversal on the issue only added to his weak image. Clark's competence, already in doubt, was further undermined when he visited a whole summer before managing Parliament and presenting legislation.

Even so, Clark's record in office included some proud achievements. He imposed greater discipline over government expenditures by installing the so-called "envelope system"—setting fiscal limits on certain areas of spending, such as social policy and economic development, and forcing ministers to live within them. The Clark cabinet also re-namped the way governments report their financial plans to Parliament, providing far more information about the real costs of programs and previously concealed tax breaks. Once back on the Opposition benches, Clark won respect for his hard-line attacks on Pierre Trudeau's methods of negotiating the Constitution. The battle over the Constitution also gave Clark a useful issue to impress the Conservative party's weak position in Quebec.

But Clark's reputation was finally and fatally damaged when he publicly insisted on substituting his majority government in a nonconfidential notes job. Charles's own budget, even after the Liberals and New Democrats had committed themselves to vote against it. The government fell on Dec. 25, 1979, after only 27 weeks in office. Having passed just six bills (five of which were Liberal leftovers), Clark's cabinet had no record to run on except a budget that the Liberals delighted in smashing. On Feb. 16, 1980, the Tories lost the election, and Clark began the agonizing, doomed defense of his discredited leadership. But the Tories, divided and bitter, made the final decision: they judged their leader to be a loser.

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Hollywood gives the small fry a chance

Since the early days of the silver screen, Canadian cinema owners have lived in a state of uneasy dependence on the Hollywood film industry. Not only has most of their product come from south of the border, but for years the best pictures have been the province of Canada's two major theatre chains, Famous Players and Odeon, which account for almost 70 per cent of Canadian box office receipts. But last week, after 60 years of cooperation, accommodation and compromise and a somewhat investigative by the federal commission, a landmark agreement was reached that may change the very relationship. Starting July 1, the six major U.S.-owned film distributors—

on, president of Canadian-owned Odeon Theatres. "Guth is the only exhibitor in the world who thinks that bidding is a good thing." Owners of smaller theatre groups worry that the superior bidding power of the two big chains (Of the 1,525 cinemas in Canada, Famous Players owns 388 and Odeon 308) will price them out of the market or out of business. U.S.-owned Famous Players has by far the most financial muscle. Even Salzman is nervous. "It is like a poker game where the player with the biggest financial resources wins."

Initially, the agreement was designed to help the smaller chains and independents. In the past, Columbia

Since 1961 the department of communications has been looking into ways of strengthening the Canadian distribution industry. As part of its wide-ranging recommendations, which will soon be reviewed by cabinet, officials plan to reject the bidding system in favour of imposing limits on the number of films any distributor could supply to a single chain. Some officials are privately displeased about the impact on small exhibitors. But one senior official is not hopeful. "There are some strong safeguards," he said. "It deserves to be given a chance."

Can decades of entrenched abuse be reversed overnight? If not, Lawson Heister, director of investigation and



Columbia, Paramount, 20th Century-Fox, United Artists, Universal and Warner Brothers—will allow theatres to bid for films, rather than offer them exclusively to the chains.

For Charles Cox, President Garth Drabinsky, whose complaints led last to the combative investigation launched by the government, it was an occasion for rejoicing. "Today, U.S. anti-trustive trade practices are a thing of the past," smiled Drabinsky, whose company operates 25 theatres with 148 screens across Canada. But for other theatre owners, including the chain who were not consulted about the terms, the news is worse than the dispute. They argued that the new system of bidding would chiefly serve to drive up the cost of films (and ultimately ticket prices). Says Christopher Sales-

Hustler and 60 years of complete?

and Universal have supplied Odeon, Paramount, Warner Brothers and United Artists have supplied Famous Players, and 20th Century-Fox has split its films between the two. In major markets other theatres have had difficulty getting into the business. Plagued by that problem, Cineplex successfully urged the combative investigation branch to place its own agent, the distributors before the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission. The distributors were anxious to settle in order to avoid the potential embarrassment of a public hearing. If they had lost that case, Cineplex could have sued for damages.

The bold move by the combative branch brought it into potential conflict with another arm of the government

research under the Combines Investigation Act, says that he will respect the hearing—a powerful weapon in itself. Only after a year will the commission drop the case completely. But resolution will be hard to prove in an industry where most deals are made over the phone.

Ironically, for now, it is evident that the new system will have "significant impact" on Cineplex profits this year. And he claims that the new competitive environment will jolt the industry out of its cozy stupor, forcing theatre owners to take more interest in patronage, sweeping what the studies give them. These risks will be easier for some exhibitors to bear than others. Under the new rules of the game nobody is certain who holds the winning hand.

—GILBERT MACLEAN in Toronto.



Factory behind the ineptness of acid rain admitting that it is interstate

Lifting the cover on acid rain

For the U.S. government the admission marked a welcome reversal. For the first time, last week the administration conceded publicly that acid rain is a man-made problem. In a widely published annual report of 18 governmental agencies, the White House Task Force on Acid Precipitation concluded that man's "atmospheric pollutants are probably major contributors to acid deposition in north-eastern North America." To be sure, the commission was a modest one. In the scientific community the cause of acid rain, which has destroyed thousands of lakes in Canada and the United States, has been known for some time. On top of that, the task force report also repeated the Reagan administration's contention that lower emissions from coal-fired power plants in the U.S. Midwest have not yet been shown to yield lower acidity levels in the northeast.

More research, the report said, will be needed. "Now a number of years to study the problem and find all the major uncertainties."

Elizabeth Barrett-Brown, of the Washington-based Natural Resources Defense Council, gave the report qualified approval. "It is a step in the right direction," she said. "But it's like the Canadian coming out of the cave."

Canadian officials echoed that sentiment, contending that the study merely confirmed data collected in previous and rain research projects. Indeed, one senior official in Washington, waving about the high-profile treatment given the report, suggested privately that the administration's goal was simply to improve its public relations image.

Still, there are signs that the U.S.

Environmental Protection Agency is about to draft new proposals for reducing the sulphur dioxide emissions that cause acid rain. An informal EPA task force has been compiling serious options, and the new EPA administrator, William Kuckelhaus, will meet this week with the principal parties—utilities and environmentalists. Few observers expect any dramatic measures, but senior personnel now concede that Canadians have long maintained enough data is already in to begin taking concrete steps.

Backlash over man's challenge is to find a compromise that will both appease the conservationists and satisfy the utilities. The first group wants sharp reductions in sulphur dioxide emissions over the next decade, the utilities fear that the costs of pollution control will swamp their financial resources. Any plan that means more unemployment and higher costs to consumers is unlikely to win Reagan's blessing.

Early action may find allies in Congress. At least four and nine bills are in preparation, all aimed at significantly reducing sulphur dioxide emissions. The central problem is legislating who will pay for the clean-up programs and how the money will be raised.

The momentum for action is building, and the Reagan administration seems to be moving with the tide. But Kuckelhaus' task at the EPA may be shorter than it now appears. "How much freedom will Kuckelhaus be given to carry out his mandate?" asked Steven Howard, a congressional lobbyist for the National Wildlife Federation. "The proof will be in the pudding."

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington.

More bitterness in the B.C. ports

With memories of the disruption caused by last October's 14-day lockout of longshoremen still vivid, West Coast ports are feeling the threat of another shutdown, which could back up grain, feed and ore from Vancouver to the Prairies. Indeed, the dispute between 700 grain handlers and six terminal operators would halve the flow of more than 30,000 tonnes a day of wheat and other grains—roughly half of Canadian grain exports—if either side forces a stoppage.

Last year's dispute was settled only after Ottawa threatened to impose the federal 30-and-five restraint program. In the latest chapter of the long-term labor relations history of West Coast ports, the grain handlers, who earn a base wage of \$46.15 an hour, want an additional \$1.30 to regain their traditional parity with the longshoremen with whom they work side by side. An association of terminal operators has offered 75 cents an hour. After five months of talks the sides are now in a position to walk out or impose a lockout, although the transference threat eased late last week when the federal government appointed a mediator.

Grain handlers and longshoremen had identical hourly rates when Parliament ended a 24-month lockout of the grain handlers in October 1974. Wage parity was legislated, but the longshoremen pulled ahead last year.

The grain handlers' latest tactic is to refuse to work overtime in an attempt to put pressure on the terminal operators. It was suggested in the House of Commons that former Supreme Court of Canada justice Emmett Hall be appointed as a mediator in the dispute. Employment and Immigration Minister Lloyd Axworthy, acting for the minister of labor, said that such a move could be effective only when there is a willingness to compromise. "I am advised that the cost of the dispute is the equivalent of about \$1.30 per hour as the price of settlement of the dispute," he said in a telegram to the grain workers' union last week. But by Friday Ottawa appeared to have decided that the standoff had lasted long enough and it appointed a mediator. Labor leader William Kelly is to try to settle the dispute.

Kelly's appointment was a promising development. But the sorry and expensive history of labor disputes on the coast does not provide much reason to hope for a peaceful resolution. In the years before Canada's move to a reliable grain exporter in damaged yet again. —MALCOLM GRAY in Vancouver



McGreevy, Barsby: no room for compromise

Award-winning director John McGreevy is accused to think of the Prime Minister of Canada finding his "Gethsemane" in a hotel bedroom with three women who refuse to do it in a world of pragmatism and compromise and proceed to attack him verbally. The incident is a scene from McGreevy's latest project, a made-for-pay-TV movie called *Quebec/Canada 1982*, filmed in Toronto's King Edward Hotel. It is the story of how Quebec, 16 years after giving its independence from Canada, sends troops into the French-speaking territories of Northern Ontario and Audié in an attempt to incorporate them into Quebec. Ottawa views the occupation as an act of war, and on the eve of an emergency session of the United Nations the Prime Minister, the secretary-general of the UN, the president of Quebec, and their wives (Martha Harry, Judith Barsby, Louise Marleau) meet in a hotel room. Mercifully, it is a comedy, "rather like scenes from a marriage that has gone on the rocks," says McGreevy.

Jeffrey Archer became the youngest serving MP in Britain's House of Commons at 29 in 1969 and is envi-

ded a political career that would take him all the way to the prime minister's office. But five years later, after winning heavily in a Canadian-owned firm, Aquablast, which went bankrupt, with two of its directors going to jail on fraud charges, Archer resigned his seat in embarrassment, almost penniless. Virtually unemployed because of the adverse publicity, he decided to write a novel. Fifteen months later the royalties from *Not a Penny More, Not a Penny Less* cleared his debts. Now 43 and the wealthy author of five books, he is touring Canada and the United States, promoting the paperback edition of his latest best-seller, *The Prodigal Daughter*, with his personal secretary-cum-"mump," Andrea Goltschew, 38, who slaps his wrists when his hands become too caustic. Paraphrasing Macbeth, Archer says, "Man succeeds at what he does second-best." Jeffrey Archer may indeed

will have his sights set on No 10 Downing Street.

The Huxley family's roots are firmly embedded in Stratford soil. Actress Mary Huxley, 36, appearing as Lady Mandell in this season's production of *Marble*, was joined on the Festival's opening night by her mother, Sheila, (who appears in *The Country Wife*), and brother Chris, 35, and John, 37. John was the first Huxley offspring to grace the Festival stage, when he "took Saint Joan to the fire" in 1975. But then claims to be the best actor in the family, and if he had not been outtracked by journeymen and the creation of the wildly popular genre *Thelma Houston*, "I think I would have got the role of Superman," he says. British-born Sheila, a graduate of England's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, gave up acting to raise her children, close-knit family but returned to the stage in 1966. "I'm only sorry Dad [the late Jack Huxley, a journalist who went to school with Stratford founder Tom Patterson] isn't here to see all this," said Chris Huxley, who became enamored of acting after watching *Put Galloway* in *The Duchess of Malfi*, has never seriously considered another career. And although she would

consider the possibility of film, "If I got an immediate offer," she still covets the role of Saint Joan. Perhaps if John gave up his trivial pursuits, he could return to the stage and lead his sister to the fire in 1984.

Roder is still "a little short for 40" and as earnest as ever, and at 40 Maj. Frank Roder continues to hone his "sharp and tasty" skills. But even if the characters they portrayed on the recently cancelled *M*A*S*H* shadow them forever, Gary Ruggell and Larry Laville are going on to other things.



Ruggell, Laville: switched to PBS

This month both men were in Calgary. Ruggell, winding up his starring role in *Baywatch* at the city's Stage West Theatre Restaurant, and Laville is being rehearsed for the theatre's next production, *Reverend's Jack Burghoff*, who confesses that he was burned out when he left *M*A*S*H* in 1979, has found new fulfillment on the dinner theatre circuit. "Contact with a human audience is mandatory," he said. "That's why TV is becoming stagnant." Uncharacteristically, the two men were sharply divided in their reaction to the final episode of *M*A*S*H*. Burghoff, who has persuaded friends with the crew, was among the millions watching the series close as a conclusion. After 16 seasons Laville switched channels to PBS. ☐

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Thatcher's finest hour

By Carol Kennedy

The four-week campaign had been hot tempered and exhilarating. The atmosphere among the candidates in the community hall in Pinhook was tense and acrid as the votes were counted, and how from opponents greeted British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and the announcement of her re-election in the North London suburban riding. But the "Iron Lady" was unperturbed by the victory and swept triumphantly off into the London

Thatcher acknowledging the move was courteous but tense.

Thatcher rewarded Sir Geoffrey Howe, 56, for his four years in the hot seat as chancellor of the exchequer (finance minister) with Pym's job. The new chancellor is a former financial journalist and hard-line monetarist, Nigel Lawson, 51. And Thatcher's deputy, home secretary William Whitely, 64, will be elevated to the House of Lords, to act as government leader in the upper chamber.

Rejoicing and basking after only two

the Tories had captured 291 seats, a net gain of 101 in the 529-seat Commons. By contrast, Labour, which went into the election with 268 MPs, plummeted to 209.

The fledgling Liberal/Social Democratic Party Alliance was reduced to 20 seats from a starting base of 42, a credit this showing, especially considering its popular vote, but short of achieving the British political aim. Despite the massive Tory swing of seats, the popular vote told a different story. The Tories actually won slightly fewer seats than

explore East if he does not stop down voluntarily. The fight for his job will be mainly between Peter Shore, 50, a protégé of former Labour prime minister Harold Wilson, and Roy Hattersley, 50, the party's environmental spokesman.

The results posed painful problems for the Alliance. Sir Liberal wing made a strong showing, but the 500 last two members of its founding Gang of Four—Stanley Williams and William Rodgers—stood all but three of its mid- and late MPs. The outcome raised doubts about whether the 500 will be able to continue as an independent party, despite the 3.8 million votes that its candidates polled overall. But Liberal Leader David Steel insisted that he will not drop such political heavyweight as Sir Leader Roy Jenkins and David Owen, who would likely hold senior positions in any future Alliance government. Steel said: "We have established a firm base on which to build."

Indeed, apart from the Tories' stunning victory, it was Labour's future that attracted most attention. In southern constituencies, the party's support virtually collapsed as voters switched to the Alliance. Labour polled better in its traditional northern strongholds. Now, along with selling the leadership problem, it also has to face the challenge of formulating a new approach to an electorate whose character has changed dramatically over the past two decades. The British economy is losing its heavy industry base, and the blue-collar masses have become increasingly middle class. As *The Guardian* editorialized, "The party for the working class as larger speaks for its workers."

In the bitter aftermath of defeat, Labour spokesmen lambasted against the party's "renegade" who, by turning the vote, had "helped to divide the opposition vote." A defeated Foot pledged a return to the party's traditional values. But in private most Labour MPs acknowledged that the old rhetoric is an anachronism. They also conceded that

the Tory sweep was due less to Thatcher's popularity than to voters' fears of the consequences of putting a divided, extremist Labour Party in power. Those concerns were reinforced by the strong job-creating tone in the party's manifesto, described by former Labour minister Gerald Kaufman as "the longest suicide note in history." Then, during the campaign, Foot, Hattersley and former Labour prime minister James Callaghan split publicly over the party's stance on nuclear disarmament.

That was not the party's only misadventure in the campaign. Throughout the electrifying Labour road to disaster, Thatcher's lingering popularity from the Falklands victory by branding her as a war-monger. The tactic seemed misguided, because most British approve of the conduct of the Falklands War. In the last week of the campaign it misfired disastrously when Hattersley alleged that Thatcher had "gloried" in the slaughter. The result of these blunders



Steel: would autocracy follow?

first best shot of the country."

Labour's panic was an unexpected bonus for the Alliance, which entered the election with the handicap of being the third force in what is effectively a two-party system. Early polls showed that the Alliance held about 18 per cent of popular support, well behind its showing in a series of earlier by-elections. As the campaign approached, however, its poll put the Alliance as low as 14 per cent. But the impact of Labour's decline and the personality of Steel, who topped the leadership popularity stakes with a 66-per-cent approval rating, produced a late surge that gave the Alliance 14 million votes, more than a quarter of the total cast and only 984,785 less than Labour's harvest.

Both major parties now have urgent issues to address. For Labour the choice lies between continuing its leftward drift or reversing contact with voters' changing values. While some commentators were confident that the party will rebuild itself, others were less sure. Certainly, the militants were unimpressed by the scale of the disaster. Left-wing guru Tony Benn, defeated in his Bristol riding, vowed that he will work just as effectively outside Parliament as in it. *Mirror* leader Arthur Scargill, also noted for his extreme views, threatened a campaign of "short industrial action" if the government tries to weaken organized labor.

For her part, Thatcher has to govern the country with a refurbished cabinet team that can ease the economy out of stagnation. Thatcher is acutely aware that the current recovery could suffer a reversal, weakening the economy and adding tens of thousands to the three million unemployed. If that happens, Thatcher might well be left with nothing more than a Pyrrhic victory of major proportions.



Thatcher enjoying the height of her popularity: It was a victory greater than I had dared to hope

night. She had led her Conservative Party to a historic victory, securing a 146-seat margin over a divided and demoralized Labour Party.

Then, Thatcher moved with startling swiftness to put her new mandate into action. With exceptional speed, she made 19 major changes in a new 32-member cabinet, firing one high-profile moderate and keeping most key positions in the hands of close supporters.

Come from the cabinet was her foreign secretary, Francis Pym, 61, who had an uneasy relationship with the prime minister, a right winger. In fact, Thatcher had fanned her discontent with Pym twice during the campaign by correcting him in public. He was apparently dropped outright after refusing to take a lesser post, and his letter to

hears sleep, Thatcher declared as her return to No. 10 Downing Street that she would use her new mandate "wisely and well." Her main priority will be to restore Britain's economic health. And although she denied that she will introduce extremist policies, the government is expected to implement plans to strip away the power of organized labor and continue its policies of returning state enterprises like British Airways to the private sector. It will also introduce a controversial bill to extend public rights of picket and arrest, and craft-fair Labour leaders fear that the government will use its unproven power base to reduce Britain's social services.

In parliamentary terms, the Conservative achievement was indeed overwhelming. When the posting was over,

in 1979, 48.4 per cent vs. 45.8, but still achieved their biggest parliamentary majority since the Second World War—on a minority vote. But that was small consolation to Labour. Under Michael Foot's disastrous leadership the party's share of votes dropped almost eight points from the 1970 figure to 29 per cent. It was the worst Labour showing since 1958. As a result, forecasting what is likely to prove a prolonged period of intense struggle, veteran Labour MP Leo Abus called for a clean sweep of the aging leadership.

Not all of the old guard will leave without a fight. Denis Healey, for one, will likely put up a powerful struggle to maintain his grip on power, although the outspoken deputy leader is 65 years old. But the party will almost certainly



Foot, Jenkins (below): Labour's panic was a bonus for the Alliance

was to force Labour into the defensive as it tried to lead off a stampede from its already thin ranks. Meanwhile, Tory weaknesses were unmasked, although the party was open to attack on a wide range of issues—from Thatcher's unpopularity, often through personality to a platform that even the conservative *Financial Times* described as having been "written on automatic pilot." It was not a surprise that a series of embarrassing events seemed likely to hurt the Tories. Lord Sainsbury suggested that Thatcher's advisers were plotting further cutbacks in the social services.

A report on the economy was so gloomy that Sir Campbell Prazar, president of the employers' Confederation of British Industry, declared that people would "want to get the



Nicaraguan diplomat jacking in Miami: an undiplomatic storm with Washington

NICARAGUA

The Benedictine affair

When Reagan expelled three U.S. diplomats for allegedly covering a "massacre" in ME or crumpled Foreign Minister Miguel O'Donnell Beckman last week, relations between the two nations reached the breaking point. Thus the Sandinistas changed their Washington role: setting up a "counterrevolutionary network" to launch terrorist attacks against Sandinista leaders. A U.S. spokesman in Managua immediately denounced the accusations as ludicrous "AI lies," he declared. Washington countered a day later by expelling 21 Nicaraguan diplomats from the United States.

The diplomatic storm was the latest between two governments that have been attacking each other since 1979. Managua's already high level of paranoia has been fed by Washington's covert support for anti-Sandinista forces attacking Nicaragua from inside Honduras' border. The raids were launched in late 1981, and, despite the appointment of a new U.S. envoy to the region and a debate in Congress over the U.S. role, the Reagan administration seems determined to continue supporting the campaign.

The Sandinista allegations have the ring of a badly plotted James Bond movie, or of the Central Intelligence Agency's bizarre attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro in the early 1960s. A young double agent, Marina Moncada, was the star Sandinista witness. Moncada said that she had been recruited by the CIA, who she was a secret

spy in the Nicaraguan Embassy in Honduras. Moncada displayed an impressive array of classic spy tools supplied, she contended, by U.S. agents. The equipment included a tin, usually concealed under a coat, and a newspaper that dissuaded on contact with wire.

Moncada contended that her CIA contacts offered her \$50,000 if she would take part in an attempt to poison O'Donnell. On instructions from Sandinista security agents, she accepted. On May 31, she claimed, she was directed to a hotel behind a Managua restaurant. The hotel contained decorated Benedictine nuns. Government chemists claimed that the bottle also contained delayed-action bombs that would incite masses, breeding difficulties and possibly death.

The Sandinista charges triggered both skepticism and rage in Washington, and the Reagan administration hit back hard in a sweeping gesture: the government closed all Nicaraguan consulates across the United States, giving Sandinista representatives—one of whom previously applied for po-

litical asylum—just one day to leave. The public show staged in Managua on June 6, said a state department spokesman, "called, in our opinion, for a strong response." Nicaragua's consulate, he alleged, were being used for unspecified intelligence operations.

The Nicaraguan charges were also viewed dubiously by the U.S. media, although some journalists recalled that one of the CIA plots against Castro that was revealed in 1977 had involved poisoning his toothpaste. Others involved exploding cigars and chemicals to make Castro's beard fall out.

The back-to-back expulsions stopped just short of a full break in diplomatic ties between the United States and Nicaragua, and they increased the difficulties facing Richard Stone, President Reagan's newly appointed special envoy to Central America, who was about to visit Managua on his Central American "fact finding" tour. Clearly, the new normalcy had made any breakthrough in talks between Stone and the Sandinistas unlikely. The atmosphere became even more bitter after Stone's flight broke out on Nicaragua's border with Honduras, where the Sandinista government claimed had lost 285 lives.

But, in the Nicaraguan diplomatic world, there was a fresh sign last week U.S. dissent from the administration's hard-line policy of military and economic pressure on Nicaragua. In a virtual party-the-split, the Democrat-controlled House foreign relations committee voted 20 to 10 to shift \$50 million in U.S. aid away from the "contra"—the CIA-backed anti-Sandinista rebels now operating out of Honduras. The Democrats' aim is to direct U.S. policy toward "covert" aid to Central American governments who are willing to help anti-communists fight the guerrillas in El Salvador. By contrast, the "contra" openly stated goal is to overthrow the Sandinista government.

And because the Republican-controlled Senate has approved a continuation of aid to the contra until May 31, the difference between the two houses of Congress must now be resolved. And with popular opposition to deeper U.S. engagement in Central America already mounting, high the odds within Congress can only make it more difficult for the White House to pursue its "covert" war against the Sandinistas. ◇

O'Donnell persona



THE UNITED STATES

Reagan starts to compromise

In a Rose Garden setting of pink and yellow blooms, President Ronald Reagan announced a substantial shift last week in the U.S. position at the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START) with the Soviet Union. Before an audience of congressmen and ambassadors of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization gathered at the White House, Reagan outlined a flexible U.S. approach that offers a close means of meeting the START talks off dead centre and toward a meaningful reduction in the number of the superpowers. The Soviet news agency TASS declared that the proposal offers "nothing new." It said that the U.S. recommendations were intended to limit land-based missiles that form the "backbone" of the Soviet Union's nuclear defense. But several described the TASS statements as a preliminary response, designed to

Reagan's compromise on arms negotiations is a promising development, but it may not provide a breakthrough

prevent Moscow's bargaining position.

Reagan's new spirit of compromise was aimed to coincide with several related events. On the day after the president announced that he was "firmly committed to take whatever steps were necessary to increase the likelihood of real progress" toward an agreement, the START negotiations recommenced in Geneva. There, Washington's negotiator, Edward Renshaw, declared that he was "a little more hopeful" about the new rounds of talks. "I have been given a lot of latitude on how to reach our goals. We are prepared to be flexible and innovative and to make reasonable changes wherever it will assure progress," said Renshaw in Geneva.

The flexibility is the major new element in the U.S. position. The compromise of Reagan's announcement was that the United States will no longer demand that the Soviets accept 1,000 of their intercontinental missiles to bring their overall force down to 850 missiles. That had been one of the major sticking points in the talks, in which the Soviets have sought a limit of 1,600 missiles. The Americans, however, still want to reduce the number of warheads for each



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Rosny's new latitude may still not enable him to break the deadlock that has plagued the three previous START sessions. Reagan's proposal is clearly the most promising move that he has made so far in the talks. But the president's velvet glove covers an iron fist. Last month Reagan was his long-fought battle with Congress and recovered \$625 million to finance the manufacture and flight testing of the MX missile. At the same time, NATO's plan for deploying 108 Pershing II and 464 cruise missiles in Europe, though not an issue at the START talks, will undoubtedly cast a shadow over the discussions.

Still, Reagan's Rose Garden appearance was not intended to appeal to the Sovietists alone. It was also aimed at reassuring some Americans who charge that he is unduly wobbly. Reagan was adamant that his policy switch resulted from the recommendations of the Secretary Commission, which supported the deployment of six missiles in "hot-line" measure while the United States rethinks its entire arms policy. But it is clear that the president was also appealing to critics in Congress. In order to obtain the funding for the MX program, he had to pledge to review official U.S. arms policy and to work seriously toward a program of limiting nuclear arms. And he was careful to underline the sincerity of his intentions to do just that last week. Addressing the American people and their congressional representatives, Reagan said, "I am quite behind his program. Thus, he deputed the president, "These days will be spoken of in the future as the time when America turned the corner." His reference shored at least a measure of the domestic response. Staff Representative Albert Gore (D-Tenn.) "Reagan is interested in stability and is deep reductions in the ability of the two countries to destroy themselves."

In Geneva, Soviet Deputy Alexei Obukhov refused comment, saying that he had to study the text. Still, Western diplomats took comfort from an earlier remark by Obukhov, standing in for chief negotiator Viktor Karpov, who was ill, that the two sides met and could reach agreement in the current round of talks. However, too, was aware of keeping hopes of an agreement alive. Asked if Reagan's Rose Garden address represented Washington's final burning position, Rosny replied, "You do not put all the layers off as onion as some." He also said that the president had no intention of conceding that the negotiation process would be lengthy and there is no assurance that it will succeed.

—BRUCE MCKAY in Toronto, with William G. Foster in Washington



John Paul II visiting Poland in 1979: a boost to the spirits of dispondent Catholics

POLAND

The Pope's delicate mission

When Pope John Paul II steps off Airfield Gate 042434 in Warsaw on Thursday, he will find Poland's military government, Russian Catholic Church and underground opposition united on two issues. They are determined that there will be no trouble during the week-long visit and they are equally certain that John Paul's second pilgrimage to his homeland as pope will not produce a solution to the three-year struggle for liberalization which Poles of all stripes refer to as "the Crisis."

Still, the visit will have all of the pomp and pageantry associated with papal voyages, and millions of Poles will follow John Paul's 1,500-km tour, thronging to crowded, open-air masses or gathering around television sets at home. Hundreds of foreign correspondents who arrived in advance will ensure that the visit is an international media spectacle.

But the political impact will almost certainly be less than that of the 1979 tour, which unleashed a host of resentment that almost swept away Poland's Communist regime. Nor is the Pope's presence calculated to persuade the country's military leader, Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, to forgo the seat of the future that remains after last December's lifting of martial law.

Officially, the pontiff's visit marks the 60th anniversary of the Black Madonna icon in the Częstochowa monastery. But the church is banking on his presence to boost the spirits of Poland's dispondent Catholic citizenry. It also hopes that by promoting what Polish primate Józef Cardinal Glemp calls

"true national conciliar" he may encourage the authorities to loosen their stranglehold on every detail of daily life. But church leaders readily admitted that they do not expect an immediate breakthrough. They concede that Jaruzelski must maintain a delicate balance between Moscow-supported hard-liners in the party and the militant remnants of the Solidarity movement, a first that explained the secretary's refusal to allow former Solidarity leader Lech Wałęsa time off to meet the Pope.

For its part, the government openly acknowledged its motives for permitting the tour to take place. It clearly hoped that the Pope's presence would confer legitimacy on the Jaruzelski regime to its own citizens and perhaps even prompt the West to ease the tough sanctions slapped on Poland after the imposition of martial law in 1981. The hard-line armed forces newspaper, *Solwierz Wojskowy*, argued recently that a papal visit "would constitute a recognition of the government and hence deny its international isolation." But, like the church, the Communist authorities expect any benefits to accrue slowly.

Still, the strongest doubts were voiced by the underground Solidarity movement. In an interview published in the clandestine paper *Tygodnik Młodości*, longtime leader Józefina Bujak said that the tour "can bring nothing concrete—no tangible results." Indeed, Poland's agony seems destined to continue long after the media spotlight has switched from the papal tour to a new target.

—PETER LEVITS in Warsaw

INDIA

More violence in the disputed Vale

The Vale of Kashmir in northern India has long played a central role in the subcontinent's history of struggle. The verdant highland has been fought over in two wars between India and Pakistan, and insurgents have threatened to take the state out of the Indian union. This month a state election campaign revived the turbulent tradition. Seven people were killed and at least 1,000 others were injured in clashes between rival factions. Not only that, but last week's polling results confirmed the existence of profound divisions in the state. The mainstream National Conference Party held on to power by taking 45 of the 68 declared seats in the 76-seat Assembly, drawing most of its support from Moslems in northern Kashmir. But Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's Congress (I) Party gained 18 seats in the Jammu lowlands, where there is a significant Hindu minority. The state, known officially as Jammu and Kashmir, split occasionally along religious lines.

The political stakes were high. For the Congress Party leader, Kashmir's Chief Minister Farooq Abdullah, the election served as an important test. He was seeking to renew the mandate that he inherited last year from his late father, Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah. The shock, who championed Kashmir's special status within the Indian union, had dominated the region for 32 years, both from government benches and during long terms in prison. Farooq rejected Congress allegations that his administration favored the Moslems. He blamed the intercommunal tensions on misdeeds made by an earlier Congress government, which lost power in 1975.

For her part, Gandhi tried to break the Congress Party's hold on the state. Like other regional parties in India, it has directly challenged the authority of the central government in New Delhi, advocating greater autonomy not just at home but in neighboring states. But the Punjab, where Sikhs have demanded expanded home rule. The Indian prime minister made significant advances toward achieving her goal. The Congress (I) Party more than doubled the number of seats it holds, to 26. Still, officials angrily alleged that the vote had been rigged. The state election commission agreed and ordered a new vote at 18 polling stations. This dispute was further evidence that, in the turbulent Vale of Kashmir, the vote settled none of the disputes which will rock the region for years to come.

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Canadair enters a swift, steep nosedive



Challenger assembly line, the executive jet's problems date back to the first days of the project

By Ian Austin

It was an spontaneous moment for Frederick Kearns, the 50-year-old president of Canadair Ltd. after precipitantly announcing his resignation from the government-owned aircraft manufacturer last month, as his first official act since last week. April, growing public furor over the financial condition of the firm, Kearns appeared before a Commons Finance committee. The committee wanted to know how Canadair managed to lose \$1.4 billion in 1978, the largest corporate loss in Canadian history. At the same time, Kearns had to ask incredible questions of members for another 184-minute session of government sile, just to keep the firm afloat until Dec. 31. It was a spectacle that enraged the parliamentarians, and Kearns clearly did not relish his role in the drama. Said the former Canadair executive: "If I had written the script for ending my career of 37 years in the airplane business, I would not have written the current one."

The current script chronicles the story of a moribund aerospace company jumping money and wifely thinking in massive amounts into a single undertaking. The Challenger executive jet seemed like a good idea to the men who were running Canadair in 1976. They had just convinced Ottawa to buy the firm to save it from liquidation by its U.S. parent and needed a new product to

supplement the firm's lagging water bomber and aerospace subcontracting business. Just months later legendary aircraft designer William Lear of Learjet fame offered the Montreal company a design for an executive jet, and the Challenger program was born.

Last week the result of that decision was made painfully clear in Ottawa. More than \$1 billion of Canadair's 1980 loss was a result of the Challenger program, in costs that Canadair now admits it will never be able to recover through future sales. Just how wrong things went was outlined by Senator Jack Austin, the minister responsible for Canadair through the Canada Development Investment Corp. (CDIC), to the committee in a devastating report to the committee he said: "It cost as too much to get to the stage we are at with the [Challenger] today and the executive jet is a reflection of earlier deficiencies in design, management, manufacturing control and financial control in the company."

Challenger's problems apparently began when the program was launched in 1976. Although Austin's 60-page report says that Can-

adair's engineering staff was "at all-time low," the decision was made to begin producing the Challenger—the most complex aircraft ever designed by the firm—in about 24 years, half the usual time allotted by the aircraft industry. The design team then took Lear's original concept for the plane and made the plane wider and longer. As a result, Lear withdrew from the project. The redesign may have made the Challenger more appealing to potential customers, but the added weight was later to create serious problems. There a decision was made to fit the new plane with the expensive Avco-Lycorn

jet engine, which runs into numerous delivery and performance problems. (Just months Canadair announced that it was using Stratford, Conn.-based Stratford's Lycoming engine division for H100-6 engine, on the basis that delivery delays cost sales, as well as added costs because of problems with their engine.) The result, says Austin, was that in 1978 "Canadair had a Challenger jet that could fly but it could not meet specifications."

Correcting the mistakes took time and



Kearns public furor

about 4000 parts were scrapped and suppliers paid for useless parts. Each of the first 32 Challengers to leave the assembly line had to be significantly modified after they left the plant and, sometimes, after they were in customers' hands. Some of the plants required 30,000 man-hour work.

But the program's problems were not limited to the design department or shop floor. Austin claims that it was difficult to discover the firm's financial problems because of the "incomplete openness of Canadair itself and, in particular, its overoptimistic projection of sales." Its order book was inflated with soft orders and options that were not likely to become sales but that distorted the firm's profit picture. Forceness also proved to be a factor partly because of the recession. For one thing, Canadair expected 135 Challengers to be delivered for 1982 and 1983, but actual deliveries have only come to 45. Orders for this year were expected to total 65, but only one has been placed so far.

Over the fact that CDIC officials are asking for another \$200 million in government aid this year, they concede that Canadair's future is very uncertain. CDIC President Joel Bell says he will not be able to present any long-term plans for Canadair until the fall. Bell, both he and Austin said last week that the Challenger program will not collapse and they were supported by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in the Commons. They are planning their hopes on a recently developed version of the Challenger, the 402. It was last week Canadair spent about \$16 million in a fruitless attempt to construct a stretch version of the original 600 model. Powered by General Electric engines and featuring a redesigned airframe, Canadair claims that its new product already meets both its specifications and delivery times. But the specifications have not been fully proven.

If Parliament approves Canadair's request for an additional cash injection—funds Austin says are already committed to debt and interest payments—the short-term outlook for the Challenger program is bright, at best. Until the fall, Canadair intends to build only these Challengers for which contracts have already been signed.

Despite the cry of warning about throwing good money after bad, Ottawa has clearly decided that it will keep Canadair afloat. For one thing, it employs 5200 people in Montreal. For another, the money has been extremely wisely, in the Challenger jet, which is owing to most aviation experts, is a marvellous aircraft. For Frederick Kearns, however, and even more so for Canadair taxpayers, the Challenger has proven to be a very, very expensive way to fly. —IAN AUSTIN in Ottawa.

A waning high-tech star

By Linda Diebel

Metal Corp., the brightest star in Canada's high-tech galaxy, announced another first this month. But it was not the rosy sort of Metal announcement that has been the hallmark of the fledgling telecommunications firm, which transferred staff into one of North America's fastest-growing companies during the past seven years. Instead, Metal's U.S. subsidiary, Metal Inc., announced that it will close its Burlington, VT, manufacturing plant on Sept. 1 and lay off 150

months. Its shares have plummeted from a high of \$38 last December to around \$22 last week. AnGregory Roberts, an analyst with Morgan Stanley & Co. in New York, commented recently, "We're not recommending the stock anymore—we've gone from an enthusiastic stance to a neutral one." In fact, 1980 Metal's revenues rose 25 percent, to \$25 million—a long way from the \$6-million start-up in 1973. In previous years. At the same time, pretax profits plunged from \$38 million to just under \$3 million.

The announcement of the plant closing followed decisions in April only one New Brunswick manufacturing plant instead of two and to defer the development of a facility in France. According to Wood Gundy Ltd. technology analyst Frederick Larkin, Metal faces a potentially devastating problem of plant overcapacity throughout North America.

Design in marketing Metal's 10-200, the digital switch designed to control the flow of as many as 10,000 voice and data communications lines—has caused the greatest concern at the company's Wilson Valley New Brunswick plant in Canada, near Ottawa. Production was scheduled to begin this spring, and Larkin said that if "there are serious further delay companies that had planned to buy from Metal are going to contract to somebody else's machine." The 10-200 is the most sophisticated product ever developed by Metal and it will sell for an average price of \$200,000, compared with \$20,000 for the firm's 10-200, the 100-line phone exchange, which was the basis of the company's triumphs. Already, the delays have led to cancellations, Wood Gundy's Commercial Television Systems Ltd., the casual an agreement to market the 10-200.



Larkin: substantial public predictions

employees. A company spokesman explained that market demand for components of its telecommunications systems in the United States had grown more slowly than anticipated. The announced shutdown reflected problems within Metal, which will benefit that it will reach \$1 billion in annual sales by 1986.

Despite countless public predictions on the part of company executives (Frederick Larkin, Metal's credibility has been greatly eroded during the past few

years. Metal may have a secret weapon in its plans to get the technology on the market ahead of its competitors. It signed a secret agreement in principle last July with the giant International Business Machines Corp. of Armonk, N.Y. What is known of the pact suggests that Metal would provide a line of switching products compatible with IBM products, even take advantage of IBM's enormous marketing organization. Although Wall Street rumors suggest that IBM too is concerned about delays in getting the 10-200 to market, Canadian observers disagree. Most Lawson Electronics, Wood Gundy's Montreal, who provide technical support to the company's recent report on 10-200-tech firms, said that delays are apparently being caused by design problems with the software program, in part initiated at the request of IBM. He said that Metal

"gambled the company" is going after the \$5-2000 market, but he added that the company may have now accumulated most of the obstacles said Heyerdahl. "If the agreement with IBM is as good as I hope it is, they could be in good shape. It's a potentially tremendous market." Mitsel refuses to elaborate on the terms of the deal. Executive Vice-President Donald Giblin told *Weekend's* that a secrecy proviso was part of the agreement. Still, some uncertainty arose over the highly tested agreement last week when Mitsel learned that IBM had struck a deal with Rolco Corp., a California-based Mitsel competitor, and intends to buy an equity interest in the company. As a result, said Matthews, Mitsel will

Complaid—to a 2,500-employee empire, which had become the second-largest manufacturer of telephone switching equipment in the world. In a sentimental market, said Kanitz, Mitsel was one of the biggest and newest of the large high-tech firms, and Canadian institutional investors struggled to get their money into the company. Recent problems, compounded by a lackluster bond 1983, have severely served to shock investors and damage the stock's performance—a trend that takes time to rectify.

Indeed, Kanitz's views are echoed by Michael Foster, president of Quasar Systems Ltd., an Ottawa-based software firm. He maintains that the press is going a trifle overboard and is "over-

One man's bid for the people's firm

Murray (the Pea) Pezim, the flamboyant Vancouver penny stock promoter who owns his current high profile to his early and profitable churning of the spectacular Hendo gold find in Northern Ontario, seems determined to stay in the public eye. Last week the 62-year-old, Toronto-born Pezim launched another venture that secured an investor. If Hendo was successful, the expense of five million shares of the British Columbia Resources Investment Corp. (BCRIC) in it still unclear why he wants to make the purchase or how he proposes to do it. Pezim's stated target of five million shares would cost about \$20 million and would make him the largest single shareholder in the publicly traded company, which has been touted as an investment in people's equity firm since its creation in 1978. At that time, the Social Credit government, with an election campaign under way, decided to give all interested provincial residents five free shares in the new company which administered \$2.5 billion worth of assets.

Pezim's highly publicized assault on BCRIC pushed its share price to \$4.70 in early last week from \$3.65, the highest level in previous weeks. That was the highest level in two years, and more than 15 million shares changed hands in one day. After that flurry, however, the price rebounded to just under \$4, and volume dropped to about 100,000. Pezim has picked up almost one million shares, but that is still only a fraction of the 56.2 million active shares available.

Pezim may be wading a dangerous position in the company, one that would allow him to throw out BCRIC's current board of directors and force the corporation to concentrate on job creation and investment in British Columbia. To do that he needs support from other investors. However, he cannot afford the \$750 million to buy 51 per cent of the shares. So far, BCRIC management is treating Pezim's campaign lightly. It has responded to his criticisms by pointing out that a BCRIC subsidiary is investing \$400 million into projects in British Columbia—the Greenfield coal mine and the expansion of its coal port at Roberts Bank. But Pezim is clearly enjoying his new role as a corporate provocateur. He says that he is getting closer to his objective and that he will keep on buying. "I'm almost pregnant now, but I will be pregnant in a month's time. We'll all have to wait and see how the baby comes out," he said gruffly, if not exactly cheerily.

—MALCOLM GRANT
in Vancouver

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Canada



Complaid: U.S. demand for Mitsel's telephone systems did not match hopes

have to "re-examine" its agreement with IBM.

Another view of the highly publicized problems besetting Canada's corporate darling was explained by Jon Kanitz, a Wood County 401 Street broker. Said Kanitz, "Mitsel stock has always been volatile, but that's typical of a relatively new, high-tech company. The market probably overreacted to delays in marketing the 30-2000." Underlining an argument made by other market readers, Kanitz argues that recent action in the price of Mitsel stock has "just served to correct for the unjustified optimism of late last year." That optimism was fed by the company's explosive growth from two Ottawa-area engineers—Matthews and company president Michael

doing the attack at Mitsel, just as everyone avoided the meteoric rise. I don't think it has been put in the proper perspective." Pezim wants to know whether anyone ever really believed that Mitsel was going to double its sales yearly—industrial. And he wondered if the larger question, arising from Mitsel's problems is not whether the absolute faith being placed in the high-tech industry as a whole as a means for constant Canadian growth and employment is well-placed. "I think the effects of the recent reverses made that point," he noted. But as far as Mitsel is concerned, Pezim hardly thinks the company is ready to relinquish its place of honor in the high-tech firmament. At least, not yet. ☐

The right man for the right time

By Peter C. Newmark

It was, in its peculiar way, a battle of opposites: the veteran politician who had never met a payroll; and the corporate bottom-liner who had never been elected.

Brian Maloney won for two reasons because he has the charm of the blarney—and because he's not Joe Clark.

The long, hot noonday was as much a defeat for the man from High River as a victory for the sensible from Westmont.

Joe Clark is easy to overestimate and difficult to define. He is an extraordinary politician for having come so far as an ex-very little. Hampered by limits that move as if they were decorated with salt, he is undaunted and tough. He is a charter member of the Chinese Water Torture School of Politics, exhausting his opponents by slowly wearing down public support for their positions.

He will never set the world on fire, except by accident.

But what he does have, and what has allowed him to go so far, is a big-time psych.

His real tragedy was not so much in losing the leadership review at the Ottawa Civic Centre last week, as in what he failed to do with the mandate he was in the spring of 1979 and, like an unwanted child, lost nine months later.

He was so stannied at having achieved power that he never recovered from his "Big Boy On Campus" way of doing things. Outwardly incapable of being insulted, he paraded across the country as a kid who had grown into prime ministerial boots. But behind the scenes he turned out to be such a dweeb; paranoid that no imagined insult was small enough to claim his forgiveness.

During his various leadership contests, which seemed to occupy most of his adult life, Clark constantly suffered from one impairment by listing his accomplishments, leaving out only the fact that he hardly finished when he was vaccinated in grade school. In his most recent campaign he made no early slip by referring to Ontario's Bill Davis, the least parochial of Canada's premiers, as "a regional candidate" and by warning his opponents that once the conversation was over the PC party would run "my way or the doorway." He cautioned on his campaign team's remarkable organizational skills to deliver the convention, but it wasn't enough. His ultimate selection by the

party out has not just the leadership, but the dream. Overnight he has become a footnote to history.

John Crookes, who would have won had Clark's pride not kept him from forming an alliance with the Nevada giant, ran a free race. But the combination of being unilingual and a right-wing continentalist made him too tame for a target.

Striding through the sweaty proceedings was David Crocchia, a good man in the wrong place at the wrong time, his followers huddling around the compression of decency which refused to illuminate the Tury landscape. He sold the smallest piece of himself during the smallest of afternoons, and the smallest of

but holding beliefs too strong to ever make it.

Then there were the fringe candidates, led by John Gamble, all chest and no neck, blowing through his mustache, the madness of a hermit in his eyes.

And the winner

Dean Hileyson has set in motion the changing of Canada's political game. His upset victory will eventually not only improve the tone of public life in Canada but alter the balance of power among the federal parties. He is an unusual mixture of old- and new-style conservatism.

Raised at John Diefenbaker's knee, he studies a similar field of force.



Mulroney (left), Pocklington and Willens: the right move at the right time

The somewhat mischievous Michael Wilson couldn't hold back for the broadest disclosure of a man waiting for something that had already happened. His campaign literature proved his desperation: a photograph of "Mike," naked at the ready, with a cigarette clamped "Wilson" in his mouth, a cocked athletic arm and one of the faces of Parliament Hill who beats Finance Minister Lalonde at "speech." All through Wilson's therapeutic speech, the delegates assumed their semi-military positions as their voices altered between mild boredom and

Peter Dookington emerged with his dignity intact, anxious to contribute.

though he has yet to hone his oratorical talents. But he glommed onto the secret of Canadian politics: that most people vote against, not for, policies, so that the less of your position you expose, the less reason there will be for voters to oppose it.

He is no ideologue or intellectual, but he does have compassion and, most important of all, understands how this country works. He is equally at home with the small-town yearnings of Blue Corners and the cash-flow imperatives of the big-buck boys at the Mount Royal Club.

He is the very best man the Tories could have chosen, and he will make a great Prime Minister.

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**NISSAN**



OWR raft on the Ottawa River; Kerashoff (below), a drowning, a helicopter and rock music booming across the canyon

RECREATION

White-water thrills and spills

By Brian D. Johnson

After a month of heavy rains, the sun was out and the Ottawa River was running high and fast. It was a good day for rafting. Hundreds of visitors in inflatable rubber boats shrieked and laughed their way down the river's churning rapids near Hawke, Ont., 80 km northwest of the capital. And after a day of thrills, interspersed with stretches of calm paddling, they disembarked soaked but content—living proof that white-water rafting can be a harmless way for unadventurous to get a bit of outdoor adrenaline. Still, it was unclear why a police helicopter had been circling low over the water throughout the afternoon. The reason soon became apparent. Earlier in the day one of the rafts had pored into a wave and overturned, flipping 12 riders into the cold current. Jeffrey Rasmussen, 22, of Toronto, drowned, becoming Ottawa's first fatality in a fast-growing, though increasingly controversial, pastime.

The lure of danger gives rafting its main appeal, but the sport, in fact, has a remarkably good safety record. Three other people have died in recreational rafting in Canada, drowned when their rafts were pinned against a rock in British Columbia's Fraser River in 1979. But still this month more than 100,000 rafters had ridden the Ottawa's white froth without a single casualty. Still, the unregulated growth of rafting operations as the Ottawa, the busiest white-

water runway in the country, has created fierce competition, overcrowding and new concerns about safety. Said Donald Yarraden, a lands co-ordinator with the Ontario natural resources ministry: "There are so many people in that corridor that I don't know how much longer the companies can maintain their good track record."

Six different companies are currently running as many as 300 rafts a day down the same eight-kilometre section of the river, and bottlenecks often occur. The fatal accident happened on a famous strip of white water known as Gavett's Chimney, where rafting operators are locked in a legal feud over portage rights on the shore-line. Most of the companies avoid the section of the chute where the raft flipped.

The provincial natural resources ministry proposed earlier this month that Ottawa's white-water corridor be turned into a waterway park, which would enable governments to place restrictions on rafting. But because the river divides Quebec and Ontario, such a step would require lengthy negotiations. Says Joseph Kerashoff, co-owner of Wilderness Tours, the oldest and, with 100 rafts, the larg-

est operator on the river, is trying to organize other companies in an association to regulate rafting before the government steps in. In British Columbia, rafting operators have tended to be more co-operative, and as long ago as 1974 formed an effective association.

The tragedy on the Ottawa involved a convoy of five rafts overtaken by 100-ton Whitewater Leaders Rafting. The first three, steered by guides in the bow and stern, ran the chute without any problems. But the fourth, steered only by a single guide in the stern, bounced off white-water experts call a "hydraulic," a stationary wall of water thrown up by a strong downstream current or "hole" in the river. "The hole was about 90 ft. across," said Art Lindblad of Toronto, who rode a raft about an hour and a half before the accident.

"You could see Jeff's head appearing around for about two minutes, then his life jacket came off and he went under," says Mike, a 13-year-old student whose face was seeping and swollen after surfacing a rock during the accident, recalled his ordeal. "I got trapped under the boat and could see all my friends," he said. "Then I was floating down the river and I kept blacking out."



Joseph Kerashoff

"I'm sure glad I was wearing a life jacket and a helmet."

Despite the accident, co-owner Herman Kerashoff, a former white-water jump champion, claims that his company has safer operating practices than others that do not use hockey helmets. "When we made helmets mandatory in 1977, they started calling us wimps," he said. The riders who capsized were part of a group of 60 youths that had spent the previous night at the OWR's campground, where a drinking party carried on until dawn. Even after the drowning the party resumed, and rock'n'roll music boomed across the campsite. Said Kerashoff: "Rafting is not so much a sport as a social happening, but it's very rare that we get a crowd like that."

White-water kayaking tends to attract outdoor purists, the kind who choose cross-country skiing in the winter, but rafting caters more to the downhill ski crowd. And, like skiing, there is ageist-raft. Kayakers, whose survival depends on their own ability, have to study the anatomy of white water. But all the rafters have to do is sit down and sometimes help paddle.

The Ottawa River raft operators specialize in one- or two-day excursions, which include meals, for package prices ranging from \$55 to \$145. They motorboats or buses for the rafters back to the starting point. But on rivers in British Columbia and Quebec, excursions of one or two weeks are more common and can cost as much as \$1,500. Most of B.C.'s white-water rafts are 50-ft. motorized pontoon boats, which can weather frigid canyon rivers down such rivers as the Fraser and the Thompson. But several of B.C.'s B.C. operators recently introduced the smaller hand-paddled rafts used in the East. "We don't have the Ontario overcrowding problem yet," said Vancouver Post writer Patrick, "and we will try to avoid it before it happens." On a busy weekend the Ottawa resembles a crowded golf course, with rafts bottled up above the various rapids and the chute. A raft can wait for several hours for its turn through the rapids that last less than a minute. Then there is another line-up.

The thrill of rafting has been compared to riding a roller coaster through a machine. But, despite its high-risk image, white-water travel is statistically less hazardous than highway driving. The Ottawa River operators are worried that this month's death could put a dent in their heavily booked summer season. Still, the day after the accident Kerashoff told 100 new rafters about the drowning and offered refunds to anyone who wished to check out. They preferred to take their chances with the river. ☐

PUBLISHING

A homegrown superhero

The wire is owned by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau himself. Alpha Flight, the special operations branch of the government's air-street Department II, is being disbanded—a victim of fiscal restraint. The Commons, Trudeau explains to Alpha Flight leader James MacDonald (Hosco) (aka Viscount), has decided that "superheroes are a luxury the federal government can no longer afford." Hudson will have to find another way to finance his extraordinary team of superhuman Canadian crime fighters—Sasquatch, Marmos, Stovard, Aurora, Northstar, Shaman and Peak. This is only the beginning of the first tale in an all-Canadian comic book series.

and Alpha Flight's first deadly opponent is an enormous carbon monster from the Northwest Territories called Tundra.

Byrne has a well-established reputation among comic book fans from the innovative Marvel series *The Uncanny X-Men*, which he has overseen since 1989. There was a hint of the Alpha Flight series to come in 1979 when he took the opportunity to use the globe-trotting X-Men in Canada, where they encountered Sasquatch. They also met Shaman, a medicine man from Alberta, whose superpowers come from his tribe's traditional magic powers. That opportunity helped make *The X-Men* Marvel's



Viscount in action: no mutants in Toronto

most comic book series just launched by the giant U.S. Marvel Comics Group. "The Alpha Flight series, with its own and more due to be published this month, is the brainchild of ex-patriate Canadian John Byrne, 32. A graduate of the Alberta College of Art in Calgary, Byrne fell for a boyhood dream in 1956 when he joined Marvel in New York, home of such established superheroes as the many Spidermans, the Incredible Hulk and the patriotic Captain America. His new series features a stable of similarly colorful heroes with superhuman powers and a western to do good."

As Viscount, Hudson, an unemployed Ontario petroleum engineer, and a winged red Maple Leaf costume to do battle in the comic's monthly adventures. Follow new members half from every corner of Canada,

including even Spiderman's circulation in 1979. Alpha Flight's Canadianism includes hockey-style shirts and the quintessential "eh," but Byrne defends his characters against charges of cheap stereotyping. "I wanted to make them instantly recognizable as Canadians to an American audience without making them just Nelson Bledsoe in a Massey attire."

With advance sales topping 400,000, including roughly 50,000 to about 200 comic book stores across Canada, the Alpha Flight series is well launched. At the Comics Centre in Calgary alone, manager Ford Bensch has sold more than 1,400 copies of the first issue, *Alpha Flight*. But Byrne is not in a hurry to know if it is advance know it was an X-Men spin-off and knew it was by John Byrne. That said more than the Canadian market. "Still, some comic experts are not impressed with the series," said William Morris of Toronto's River Street Comic Shop. "The art is inferior to some of Byrne's earlier work, and it's a very weak story."

But Byrne is already planning to make some changes. In the second issue Viscount will get a more Canadian name, Guardian—"as in 'We stand on guard for thee,'" he explained. These series will devote separate issues to its various Canadian heroes, as Byrne rounds out their uniquely northern personalities. "I can show you U.S. readers that there are no pine trees or tundra in Toronto, then I will be happy."

—NICOLA JENNINGS in Toronto

Nuclear power planning goes awry

The shafts of two unfinished nuclear-powered electrical generating plants stand near the Pacific coast of Washington state, abandoned concrete monuments to a nuclear energy program that went catastrophically wrong. The reactors, near the state capital of Olympia, were doused when massive cost overruns and inaccurate energy demand forecasts crippled an ambitious program begun in 1959. Five nuclear plants were to have been built in the state. Instead, the program now threatens to leave the largest load deficit in U.S. history as its legacy. The builder of the plants, the Washington Public Power Supply System (WPPSS), failed this month to meet a \$15-million monthly interest payment that was due on \$2.25-billion worth of bonds that had been issued for two plants. The organization remained solvent mostly because a Washington State Superior Court order prevented the bond trustee, the Chemical Bank, from declaring the company in default.

The missed payment, and the prospect of lengthy court battles to determine who must pay the \$2.25-billion bill, are fresh blows to the beleaguered U.S. nuclear energy industry. On the East Coast the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission has been threatening to shut down two power plants in Indian Point, near New York City, over fears that emergency evacuation plans for the populous region were inadequate (Maclean's, May 31). Last week the commission decided to let the plants continue operating, but an emergency order is to be held within two months.

Throughout the U.S. Pacific Northwest, electrified ratepayers commonly refer to WPPSS as Whoops. One reason is that electricity bills have tripled in two years, largely due to the faults in the program. WPPSS is a partnership of 88 private and publicly owned utilities in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, California, Nevada and Wyoming. Two years ago, with demand for electricity rising at seven per cent a year, the agencies planned to build five Washington nuclear generating plants. Each plant was supposed to generate about 1,300 megawatts of power—or enough to serve a city of 500,000 on an average day. But shortly after construction began on the reactors—three in the state's eastern desert and two near the coast—the problems began. Costs soared from the initial estimate of \$41 billion to \$203 billion in 1981. The project was

plagued by labor disputes, mismanagement and thousands of modifications ordered by federal nuclear safety inspectors.

Seventeen months ago, as the recession hit the U.S. Pacific Northwest, the agency decided to abandon two unfinished reactors. At the same time, revised power forecasts indicated a 5.5-per-cent drop in regional energy demands since the program began. In May of 1982, construction on a third reactor was suspended. In addition, nervous member



Unfinished plant: Whoops, costs soar

utilities began challenging their contracts to the courts. At that time was the undertaking with WPPSS that obliged the utilities to pay \$7 billion in principal and interest over the 30-year limit, even if the reactors never generated a single kilowatt.

In the meantime, an angry revolt by ratepayers compounded WPPSS's problems. As a result of a statewide vote in November, 1981, the agency lost its au-

thority to borrow money for the two remaining reactors without specific approval by voters.

The stalemate finally set in last fall, when 37 of the agency's 88 participating utilities refused or were unable to pay for the unfinished reactors. WPPSS could not raise money to make interest payments on the unpaid \$2.5 billion in construction costs. The agency then shut down work on the fourth unfinished reactor. That means that only one plant in the desert is scheduled to start producing power, and that will come next February—seven years behind schedule.

Robert Ferguson, who resigned as WPPSS's managing director last week, has suggested that the nuclear debt should be spread among all the utilities of the Pacific Northwest as well as large industrial energy users. The proposal has little appeal to local utilities that did not join the agency or to forest companies in the region that are struggling to hold their costs down.

Government officials admit that a head default might make it more difficult for the state and municipalities to borrow money for future projects. Sen. Ted Stafford, Democrat majority leader in the state senate: "Bondholders tend to fly away from regions where there have been defaults."

The agency's 390,000 individual bondholders have meanwhile been left wondering if they will ever get a full return on their money. And small utilities that contracted with WPPSS as early as 1974 for electricity are scrambling to avoid crushing debts from the failed program. The Queens Power and Light Co., for example, with 5,700 ratepayers in the San Juan Islands, east of Vancouver Island, filed for protection from its creditors under the bankruptcy act late in 1982 rather than accept a \$45-million bill over 30 years. "We agreed up to buy some power, and power is not being produced, so why pay for it?" said Gilbert Brown, the utility's interim manager.

WPPSS's problems have been long in the making. Former director Ferguson is no longer involved. He joined the agency almost three years ago in good health and worked himself into a serious heart condition. To recover, the 48-year-old executive will spend part of the summer resting at a cabin in Idaho. Presumably his electricity will be supplied by one of the utilities refusing to pay for the closed nuclear plants.

—MICHELE GRAY in Vancouver



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Managing stress

For years doctors have known that stress can trigger disease, and employers have worried about its debilitating effects on the performance of workers. Still, while teachers and researchers say that family problems and physical disabilities often make learning more difficult for children, few

suggested that stress can actually stunt the development of intelligence itself. But that is precisely the major finding of a recent U.S. study relating stress to IQ scores. The document, released earlier this month, adds force to arguments that IQ tests should not be used for mass screening in schools. Beyond that, it

suggests that in order to reach their full potential, children should be counselled in effective ways of coping with stress at an early age.

The new study was prepared by Eileen Rosenbaum, an associate professor of clinical psychiatry at Georgetown University Medical School in Washington, D.C., and coauthor Bernard Brown, an educational psychologist and research consultant to the Georgetown University Family Center. Using data from a long-term study by a division of the National Institutes of Health, completed in 1979, they related IQ scores of 4,154 seven-year-old children to a stress index composed of such factors as death or divorce in the family or physical disabilities in the children themselves. The study revealed that the impact of stress was the same for children from lower-income black families as for those from white, middle-class backgrounds when the average of stress increased, scores on the widely used Wechsler Intelligence Scale for Children (WISC) decreased, in some cases by as much as 45 per cent. Said Brown: "Our results probably underestimate the effects of stress on intelligence because we were not able to take into account the stresses of the school situation and the testing itself."

The use of IQ tests for mass screening and placement has been in vogue since the late 1960s, when they were found to be culturally biased toward white, middle-class test takers. Some jurisdictions, like Ontario, now use IQ tests mainly for determining the placement of children in special programs for the gifted or the learning disabled. But for the many North American schools where the WISC is still used for screening, the Georgetown University study implies that children with emotional or family lives are being placed in programs below their potential.

The main purpose of the study, however, was not to attack IQ tests. In fact, Rosenbaum considers IQ tests a reliable enough measure to verify whether stress management therapy works in children who have been taught to cope well with stress could show increases in IQ, she believes. Indeed, what the authors hope to achieve with their work is the adoption of stress management techniques—using such methods as bio-feedback and family counselling—by school boards. Although the research has major implications for the teaching of lower-class black children—on general they scored lower on IQ and higher on stress factors than their white, middle-class counterparts—stress is not handled well by most children, said Rosenbaum. "With good management of stress, the 'average' child may actually turn out to be 'gifted'."

—PAT GILLENDEK in Toronto

MEDIA WATCH

Ducking the duty to write editorials

By George Bain

Only those who have experienced it can appreciate the agony a large newspaper's editorial board goes through when it produces what is known as the endorsement editorial. A jury preparing to pass sentence that would send an accused to the gas chamber would have an easier time of it. At least it would be the thought. "Well, if we're wrong, the decision can always be overturned on appeal." The editorial endorsement of a political candidate or party is approached as if it were to be carved in stone, forever. There is an awful awareness on the one hand of irremediable harm to be done to the cause of all those from whom the endorsement is withheld and, on the other, of the country perhaps being hauled down the road to ruin if the person to which leniency is given turns out to be merely human. All this is so, notwithstanding a lot of evidence that readers nowadays are severely polarized by editorials—endorsement or other—and that their greatest effect may be on the dissidents of those who write them.

Not quite all the editorial boards of the major newspapers of the country have just been through this small hell over the Tory leadership, some always open up for reasons of spurious principle. The responsibility that never rests lightly on editorial shoulders, which are bowed from birth, will have been compounded by the knowledge that this is a probable last prime minister they have been endorsing. And where did it all wind up? The Vancouver Sun said that Joe Clark had expressed such a robustly contrarianist attitude that he had chosen to test the Liberals. The Winnipeg Free Press said very much the same. (Vitamins of Joe Clark, hanging his arse with his hand in disbelief at finding himself headed a winner.)

The Calgary Herald, notwithstanding the fact that Clark comes from its own backyard, High River, endorsed John Crosbie. It had looked seriously at Brian Mulroney but decided John Crosbie had more substance. The Edmonton Journal abstained, as did the Regina Leader-Post. The Toronto Star said David Crosbie was the man. The Globe and Mail found both Clark and Mulroney acceptable. The Toronto Sun took the contrarianist approach of analyzing candidates to find which one the Liberals

would like least and, on that basis, endorsed Crosbie and Mulroney. Joe Devo gave the pairs to Joe Clark. The Montreal Times-Trois-Etoiles refrained, as did the Halifax Mirror, The Canadian Herald and The Mail-Star (they always do), and the St. John's Evening Telegram unapologetically declared, "Crosbie's our man."

De-af, in the case of the Tories, would be the editorial staffs after the vote. Probably not. The point that editorials, or columns, can never do, perhaps, is to crystallize what is already in people's minds. A well-argued and well-written editorial occasionally may cause a reader to say, "That's it, that's what I was thinking." In other words, the editorial may precipitate a previously unarticulated thought. But that is a different thing from saying that people act because any editorial says this or that. At political questions, where most people arrive with at least strong leanings, if not convictions, the most the editorial can do—again, perhaps—is provide fodder for late-night discussions.

But that is justification enough. It is also the demerit of the justification for writing political editorials that is made by such newspapers as the Halifax Mirror, which make a virtue of their abstention by saying, plainly, "We don't try to tell people what to think." Any effort to relate readers of editorials to today's editors, however, is bound to produce a persuasive body of evidence that telling people what to think is not easy. For instance, the old Toronto Telegram used to set out a municipal election slate that predominantly Tory and Conservative candidates followed, with only minor deviations. Not only is this Telegram gone, so is that sort of follow-up power. People are not told what to think. Nevertheless, newspapers have a duty to tell people what they think. Newspapers are full time in the business of gathering, sorting, analyzing and writing news and, unlike radio and television, they have corporate personalities. Out of their preoccupation with news, some conclusions should come, the readers have a right to know what their vote counts persons think about what flows across their desks. It isn't arrogant to put conclusions in front of people, it is arrogant to believe that doing so is equal to telling them what to think. ☐



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Wagie dancing up interest: the largest sporting event in the world this year

SPORTS

The anonymous games

By Gordon Legge

THE 1985 World University Games in Edmonton, more formally known by the outstanding title Universiade '85, might be best listed as the anonymous games. Few Canadians, even in Alberta, know what they are. Nevertheless, on July 1 Prince Charles and Diana, Princess of Wales, will look on benignly as Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau opens the largest sporting event to be held in the world this year.

Not surprisingly, the federal government recently launched a national television advertising blitz to publicize the event. The Games' mascot, Wagie, a multi-colored overweight elf, has been busily begging around Alberta school yards to draw up support to the tune of an unpaid theme song, The Wager Dugie. Official programs, featuring 1980-84 athletes, have been papered throughout the province. A rumor left in John's Nfld. on May 16 with the Games' torch as a 14,000-km, 65-day relay odyssey across Canada.

Statistics churned out by Universiade '85 are designed to be plain as toast. As many as 4,500 athletes from 96 countries, including the likes of Romania's

"perfect 10" gymnast, Nadia Comaneci, will compete in 16 disciplines—athletics, basketball, cycling, diving, fencing, gymnastics, swimming, tennis, volleyball, water polo—rings at the site of the immensely successful 1975 Commonwealth Games. The estimate must be stupider about 500,000 spectators are expected to watch the Games, which will have 84 games the participants of the 1988 Calgary Winter Olympics and about two-thirds of the number opened at the 1984 Los Angeles Summer Games.

Organizers attribute the lack of awareness about the Games to the fact that they have never been staged in Canada or the United States. They originated in Paris in 1933 and have been held in recent times predominantly in Eastern European countries. Moreover, the news media, including sports writers and broadcasters in Edmonton, have been slow to show interest. Games organizers, in turn, have been operating with a meagre budget. Publisher Ernie Miller, 46, a lucky former columnist with the London Free Press, remarks: "We've had to make children out of all of these fees. We've been in a near-as-getting-things-done-for-nothing."

The reason is that the Games, first proposed three years ago when Alberta was becoming, were approved in 1981 as the first was setting in. The original \$34-million operating budget, already tight, was trimmed to \$21.1 million—only \$6 million more than the Commonwealth Games' budget in 1976 for an event that was half the size. The three levels of government are contributing \$11 million, with the remainder coming from ticket sales, corporate food-serving and marketing and promotions.

Although over-the-counter ticket sales began only a month ago, organizers are halfway toward their goal of \$5.5 million. Tickets for individual events will cost between \$6 and \$20 per person, per day, and organizers estimate that the outlay for a family of three would be roughly \$600 to take in all events. In addition, the corporate food-serving campaign has achieved about 20 per cent of its \$2.3-million budget. In fact, more than half of the companies that contributed to the Commonwealth Games have gone out of business since 1976. Games President Ed Zeeman, 46, a former University of Alberta sports director, insists that there will be no deficit. However, Zeeman has a secret "contingency plan" in case the Games do go into the red. For all that, the 11-day event is expected to ingest roughly \$140 million into Edmonton's economy, and 35,000 volunteers have been mobilized.

The other glitch in the Games is accommodation for the athletes. Despite an April 1 deadline for entries, at least 30 applications have poured in, more than from around the world. Most countries now plan to send 40 to 50 more participants than originally indicated. The two existing stadium villages will house 4,500 people. Who asked what they plan to do with the rest, spokesman Gus Griffoisley retorts: "That's a good question. Not even our vice-president of accommodation can answer that."

Even though the Games are competing for athletes against the Pan-American Games in Caracas, Venezuela, and the inaugural World Track and Field Championships in Helsinki, Finland, both of which are being held in August, officials are confident that the Games will be a first-class competition. The Soviets, for example, want to train in North America before the Los Angeles Olympics and are sending a large contingent. The Chinese plan to dispatch the largest group ever to compete outside China, including their famed diving team. And, officials note, 70 per cent of the medal winners in the past two Olympic Summer Games were former Universiade competitors. That could be reason enough for any serious athlete fan to pay attention. ☐

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A clearinghouse for disease

When Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children reported two years ago that the deaths of 26 infants were due to residues of the heart drug digoxin, investigators were forced to send the data to the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta for extensive testing. In the future

such a step may not be necessary. Last month the federal government announced that it will contribute \$50 million toward the construction of the Canadian Centre for Toxicology (CCT) in a co-operative venture between the University of Toronto and McGill. If Ontario matches the funding, the institu-

tion will be in place for the development of a Canadian version of the CDC. Says Freeman McEwen, dean-designate of the Ontario Agricultural College at the University of Guelph and acting director of the CCT: "I would envision that we would develop into a Canadian counterpart."

The centre will be headquartered at Guelph, but it plans to have research facilities built at both universities by late 1996. The total cost of the scheme is estimated to be \$48.57 million. The Canadian centre at first will not be able to match CDC expertise in drug study and disease control. According to University of Toronto Vice-President David Strongman, the focus will be less on testing and more on toxicology research. He explains that although digoxin testing for the Sick Children's infant deaths was conducted initially at the Toronto police's Centre of Forensic Sciences, the Atlanta centre provided a national expert referral network to evaluate test results. Such a network takes years to develop, he added. Dr. Werner Kalow, a U of T professor of pharmacology and a member of the CCT steering committee, adds that there will be gaps, particularly in bacterial and viral testing.

According to McEwen, the CCT will place particular emphasis on the study of industrial chemicals, such as pesticides and contaminants. Though testing and information on chemicals as manufacturing have been available in Canada, they have come chiefly through industry sources. Says McEwen: "It is our perception that the public does not trust the things that industry says."

Unlike the Atlanta centre, which is controlled by Washington, the CCT will be run by a board of governors, including representatives of the chemical industry, universities and labor. McEwen believes that in an investigation that structure will allow direct input by industry without permitting the companies to shut down public interests.

McEwen says that drug testing will not be excluded, but that examination of pharmaceutical products will not be stressed in the beginning. Indeed, for the next five years drug testing and evaluation work might still be sent to the CDC. The needed scientific infrastructure will not likely be in place in Canada until 1996. Meanwhile, programs such as interdisciplinary studies on chemicals and cancer will be phased in at both universities (see *Sci. Frontiers* support in contingent on Ontario funding). A spokeswoman for Environment Minister Keith Norton said that recommendations were "at the committee stage." But the scientists remain optimistic. Says Strongman: "There is no question that the province is going to participate."

—DAVE SILBERT in Toronto



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A high-powered utopia

It is an agenda that would warm the heart of any futurist and it calls for nothing less than an overhaul of government priorities in the wealthiest countries. The proposals, however, are not wild-eyed idealism but conservative Japanese policy-makers. They argue that if the industrialized nations and oil-producing states would only sink \$12 billion into a Global Infrastructure

Fund, man could make the deserts bloom, fresh water flow and solar power available to all. In contrast to most utopian visions, the ambitious scheme is sponsored by the Tokyo-based Nikkei Research Institute and was developed by a group that included two former Japanese cabinet ministers and the chairman of the Nippon Steel Corp. The independent institute, which de-

veloped the plan in 1978, has identified 12 gigantic engineering projects, mainly in the Third World, that it says should be given international priority. The cost over 30 years would be a staggering \$600 billion, paid for by the developed nations. The institute proposes that participating countries finance the scheme by trimming their defense budgets by two to three per cent a year. Projects aimed at improving trade, commerce and quality of life would include:

- ▲ 100-mile-long canal across Malaysia's Isthmus of Kra that would allow 3,600 miles of the sailing distance from the Far East to the Indian Ocean.
- ▲ An underwater tunnel joining Europe and Africa at Gibraltar.
- ▲ New Silk Road—a superhighway linking Europe and China.
- ▲ A huge freshwater lake in parched central Africa produced by damming the Congo River.
- ▲ A second canal across Central America.
- ▲ Water irrigation projects that would lead to the greening of the Sahara and Arabian deserts.
- ▲ A multitrillion-dollar equatorial solar energy facility that would produce the energy equivalent of 300 billion barrels of oil.

Despite the blue-chip nature of the fund's promoters, however, the Nikkei Research Institute echoes the complaints of its critics: In less prestigious think tanks, lack of solid commitment from the world's policymakers. To correct that problem the Institute's former chairman, 77-year-old Masaki Nakajima, has spent the past three years in world capitals lobbying for the scheme. Last month he traveled to Washington in a vain attempt to have the fund placed on the agenda of the Williamsburg summit of leading industrialized nations. Nakajima told Maclean's that he has already received expressions of support for the fund from Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone, India's Indira Gandhi and former UN secretary-general Kurt Waldheim.

However, encouraging words are one thing, financial commitment is quite another. Chairman of Canada Development Investment Corp. Maurice Bering cautions that "while these ideas are absolutely necessary, they are probably a generation ahead of the times and not yet politically mature." Frank Danilovich, a research associate at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and an internationally recognized authority on macroengineering, agrees. So far, he notes, the fund's promoters "have concentrated on how to spend the money." He adds, "It's time now to look hard at the financial and legal mechanisms needed to get that money and pay it back." —BENJAMIN HULLEN in Toronto.

Escaping into summer

Summer is the season of simple rituals: drinking beer at the ball games, barbequing in the backyard and, above all, basking under fresh to the noontime sun. With complacency in place, a summer reader is looking for anything that will interfere with the joyful ignorance of easy calories and tanning rays. While topics on the nuclear arms race are suitable fare for the wintery months, the summering people crave escape fiction as light as beer foam, where all questions are answered and all judgments are crystal clear.

The *Worked by Malcolm Ross* (Maclean, 212 pages, \$24.95) is destined to be a TV non-success, but for now its biology on the beach. The title is a shrewdly chosen replica of the ultra-sensational *Shogun*, but the story, set in China in the battle-scarred year 1927, is considerably better. The warlord is Gen. Feng, a Confucian scholar and scholar who is opposed to the foreign policy of China. The slumbers who hope to be leaders in the new regime—regardless of political direction—move around him. The op-

erations include Philip Shihren, a failed missionary and successful warlord, Vera Rogacheva, a scorned White Russian refugee, and Kowalek, a Bolshevik and follower of the doomed Leon Trotsky. In developing a saga of revolutions, war and countless lost, Ross

Tomes on the nuclear arms race may be fine in winter, but summer is the season for escape fiction

meets with great success. The doomed march of the White Frontiers across the northern wastes of Siberia and the Communist lightning who Bels. The intellectual and elegant love story of Rogacheva and the warlord evokes *Anna Karenina* from *Anna Karenina*. On the whole, the book works well. There are some omissions of language. "Someday

Flit out his belly open... pull his apron out and feed them to the chickens." But the figures are not frequent enough to ruin a few historical maps.

Like the blockbuster novel, formula detective fiction has always been a summer staple. Those who most attractive detectives can turn to *The Night the Gods Swore* (Collins, 181 pages, \$15.95). The first novel by Toronto professor Mike Wright is a classic whodunit and marks the first time that a Canadian author has made the ranks of the protagonists Collins Crime Club, whose members have included Agatha Christie. Wright has created a colorful detective in Toronto police Insp. Charlie Spiller, a man who grows under the burden of his middle-class life, in the best Canadian tradition, strives to survive. The plot, revolving around the death of an English professor, is a mystery of both Spiller and Wright. Traditionally, a nasty professor, a ladies' man, several ladies and a campus politician were all conveniently located at the scene of the crime. But the cracks and grooves of the plot should be ignored, because Charlie Spiller, with his itinerant wife and his private school kids, is a memorable man with a particularly Canadian charm.

A waiver of plotting, Robert R. Parker has made a name for himself as the creator of the hard-boiled Private

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Bishop of Guelph. Although Odette Yvettes' church, the Guelph-Belleville back a little too often, he co-chairs splendidly beside Richard's corpse, tucked in red light from a bloody rose of Yvettes.

That's Gerald's Richard, the Shakespearean production under Hirsch'spurt from Bedford's 1991 *Cordelia*—has been exceptional. Hirsch's own imagination seems shackled by the editorial mandate he has set for the festival and by his fervent lobbying on its behalf. But as long as directors such as Carroll and Macdonald feel their imaginations run free, Stratford will fulfil its artistic mandate too.

With *The Mikado* and *The Gondoliers* established an Stratford's biggest hits in years, what director Brian Macdonald wants now is a little respect. The world-renowned choreographer and director says the prevailing attitude at the festival is that "musical theatre is all very well, but the Bible here is still the spoken word." Macdonald himself has nothing against the spoken word but at the moment he wants attention paid to the talent of his two choirs and their achievements. "This country is loaded with talent," he says. "It was't here when I started, but they are all here now."

Macdonald's own talent was evident from the start. Born in 1925 in Montreal, he entered McGill University at 16, planning to be lawyer. He ended up as a male orpheus with the new defunct Montreal Herald and then as a dancer with the National Ballet under Celia Franca in 1951. An all-around entertainer, during career in 1954 but focused his attention on choreography—he especially enjoyed staging halftime shows for the Montreal Alouettes and he is scheduled to direct the halftime show for the 1992 Grey Cup. At the same time, he was acting in theatre and directing, often with his first wife, ballerina Olivia Wyant, who died in a car crash in 1956. By the time he was married in 1964 to Annece as Paul, also a ballerina, he was artistic director of the Royal Swedish Ballet and had achieved world fame.

Some artists wear many hats, but Macdonald's balding head is crowded with crowns. Currently resident choreographer of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens and director of the Bard Centre dance department, he has staged original works for many leading ballet companies, including the Royal Winnipeg and the Royal Dutch. Recently he has also been in demand in Washington and Paris as an opera director. After his first big success in theatre, directing, choreographing and acting in the

legendary revue *My Fair Lady*—which toured Canada in 1957 and 1958—his involvement was sporadic until the recent Stratford triumph.

Macdonald actually considers that all of his work is theatre in the broadest sense. "The magic of theatre is so much more palpable than the magic of television or film," he says. "Whether it's ballet or opera or theatre, it's all actually happening in front of your eyes—and human beings have created it." Macdonald adds a passion for music to that



Macdonald: head crowded with crowns

vision and, as a result, rhythm and melody suffuse his work. What is most startlingly amusing about his Stratford productions is the resolute blending of costume, design and movement to distill from the music its most evocative moments. "I hate to be locked into just choreographing," he says. "What I'm doing is the Aron Theatre and choreography, it's staying 'It' but everyone is won over by his irreverent,

scholarly approach. Toronto Star critic Glen Marder described the *Gondoliers* as "a supermarket of entertainment," and he complained that Macdonald "suspends Gilbert and Sullivan with panache rather than playing the idiom," and he laments an increase in its staginess.

Macdonald deliberately strives for a Canadian sensibility in his work for the past decade he has choreographed original dance works to Canadian music—recently *Still, Canada's European*—and students' creative support. "It's a great belief in actively participating in the culture of today while remaining actively aware of the past," he says.

Despite a little jet-set existence, Macdonald maintains a village that looks more to his quietly six-foot-three-inch frame and makes it difficult to believe that his numerous artistic adventures have frequently ended in bitter ethnic disputes. His success that the Stratford productions get proper credit rests a big reason on the Stratford festival in 1987 because the Royal Opera House in Stockholm always gave priority to opera over ballet.

But Macdonald never lets still long to become embedded in controversy. After the Stratford season he is considering a third Gilbert and Sullivan musical for next year and possibly a two-man show drawn from their correspondence. Then, after opera productions in New York and San Francisco in 1993, Macdonald will collaborate with rock'n'roll songwriters Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller on a musical based on Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, scheduled for the Edmonton's Citadel Theatre in early April, 1994. If he is given a chance to work in Shakespeare at Stratford, he would like to direct *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a masque, complete with music and dance; otherwise, he would be content with *Ogre and Dolls* and *Don Giovanni* back to back.

As for *The Mikado* and *The Gondoliers*, their companies are within weeks of securing enough work to stay together until next season, a nice achievement at Stratford. Part of the reason is that Macdonald will direct *The Gondoliers* for CBC TV—as he did *The Mikado*. Having produced more than 300 shows for CBC TV, he occasionally rebuffed *The Mikado* with television in mind, long before a deal was struck. That production will tour Canada in next season, then go to London's Old Vic in February, and *The Gondoliers* will run at the National Arts Centre for two weeks in the fall. "Instead of becoming gnomes, these folk will actually have work and classes," explains their director. "For Macdonald, it's not just his own work and in promoting others, has been largely responsible."

FILMS

The man of marshmallow

SUPERMAN III

Directed by Richard Lester

Most audiences have been led to expect a certain level of quality in the arena, even if the lead-on-the-dance context of agents. They will not, surprisingly, find it in *Superman III*, this summer's super-hero. The film's producers were extremely snooty renderings of the comic strip material, but *Superman III* looks as shiny as a Grade-B movie serial. Director Richard Lester obviously wanted to bring a light tone to the material, beginning with a slapstick credit sequence that debunks the flashy, imperial look of the two previous movies. But *Superman III*, with a superb focus script by David and Leslie Newman, is as light as almost feature. The unapologetic flying effects feature shabby blue fringing around Superman's body, and he keeps landing either with a thud or in unconvincingly funny balletic poses. The movie's light tone has been informed by the casting of superior Richard Pryor as Gus Gorman, a com-



Reeve: Superman learns how to walk

puter wizard used by the villain, Ross Webster (Robert Vaughn), for nefarious, unapologetic purposes. Gorman taps into a worthy vein in his to destroy the Colossus base effort, so that Webster can never the market, and then strands the world's off tankers in

the middle of the Atlantic for similar gain. When Superman throws a wrench into the proceedings, Gorman computes the formula for kryptonite, which, while not perfect, has the effect of turning the Man of Steel into a man of straw. But Lester's no tension developed because it is clear from the start that Gorman will switch over to Superman's side in the meantime, the viewer is treated to Vaughn's personality volatility and what appears to be well-placed angst for *Amateur* Express, *Trailways*, *Reynolds* and *Kentucky Fried Chicken*.

Christopher Reeve, who has had little luck with other movie roles (*Manhunter*, *Somewhere in Time*), has lost his light comedian's geniality. The script has dropped him in a dreary subplot with his high-school sweetheart, Lois Lane (a duly wasted Anneke O'Toole), and virtually discarded Margot Kidder's Lois Lane, the best reason for seeing the other film. *Superman*, going through her personality changes, should have been intensely charming, instead of a big talk. And Pryor's occasionally tame routines are well suited to the movie itself. The general haze of *Superman III* and the movie's disregard for an audience's acquired standards, prove that *Superman* is a selfish idea whose time has come and gone.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE



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The importance of being Brian

By Allan Fotheringham

On Oct. 20, 1975, in the second column this berserker scribbler over scribbled in this space, I set out to set right the confused Tories as to their wisdom of a leader in their upcoming convention of February, 1976. There seemed to me, as the stakes to succeed the well-known and symbol Bob Stanfield, a certifiable lack of consensus. Such as Paul Hellyer and Sinclair Stevens were pushed along with names called Joe Clark. "Too young," I told my few readers. The man they should go for, I suggested,

was someone I had never met, but whose track record I had been following from afar. One Brian Mulroney of Montreal, 32, bilingual, criss-crosser, the one chance the party had to break into Quebec. (The "too-young" Joe Clark recommended me, on next morning, but he was exactly three months younger than the major Mr. Mulroney.)

At any rate, Secretary Mr. Franksman buried me day and allowed as how it was a Mr. Mulroney from Montreal calling "When did you decide to run?" I asked this stranger: "The second time I read it in your column," he replied. Ever since

then he was referred to as my Candidate from Whimsy. It is the least I can do to help save the country. If a shap doesn't like the leader of the ruling party, one might as well invent an imaginative leader for the other party.

It is a struggle keeping the country steady through business cycles. I know somebody has to do it. It took the Progressive Conservatives a full seven years to take my advice, but they finally stumbled their way to it Saturday night in the maze-like somnolence of the Ottawa shanty rink. In doing so, they may have the something quite significant to the Canadian experiment.

The tweedy Tories, the party of supposed unemotionation, have done a most remarkable thing. The party that is at its lowest ebb in electoral strength in Quebec (for all its admirable Frenchness, Joe Clark has been one out in the province—lower than Stanfield, Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Alta Press*).

lower than Dief) has just chosen its first leader in 92 years from that strange, forbidding province.

The Conservatives may have just signalled something to the nation. They had before them the formidable figure of John Crosbie, possibly the most engaging politician to come onto the federal scene since bunster-busting P. Trudeau. He is a man who could make an admirable Prime Minister. Then to wealth and confidence, by far the best mind of all the candidates, a gold medalist at two of the country's finest universities, Queen's and Dalhousie, so

even a working knowledge of French. It quite stunned him that his throwaway line about not knowing how to speak Chinese or German either would so offend so many francophones. He has learned his mistake and will rise to fight again another day.

In the meantime, the brave and adventurous decision of the Tory party (of supposed Bay Street, of supposed Franco-neo-classicism) is going to have a considerable effect on the country. The party has bitten the bullet—chinks in part is Joe Clark—and has said that it will not shide any longer a leader who

has not taken the trouble to make himself bilingual.

It has, in truth, advertised that however bright its leading figures, such as Crosbie, however qualified, those aspirants had better make sure in the future they have taken the trouble to equip themselves to speak to the one-third of Canada that is francophone. (Especially when there is a government in that province that wants to separate.) That is brave, when you think about it, telling a highly qualified Crosbie that it would like him, really—if only he had taken the trouble to understand this country a little more, and what it is all about.

That's going to be a trickle-down from the Tory decision to pick the Candidate from Whimsy. It adds the ecological Lester Pearson's definition that he would be the last unilingual Prime Minister. It signals to all inspiring and bright young people around the country that French, indeed is important, when even the wonderful Tories make a conscious decision to pick an unilingual leader (Mulroney) over a vastly more experienced, unilingual candidate (Crosbie). It will show in the excitement in the bilingual programs in the anglophone areas of the country. It is probably the most telling experience in this country since the passage of the Official Languages Act.

That was Trudeau's diffidit. This is a conscious, open decision by 3,000 Tory delegates, most of whom can't speak a word of French. They showed tolerance and they showed shrewdness. John Crosbie will wait his turn. Brian Mulroney will start an example.

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